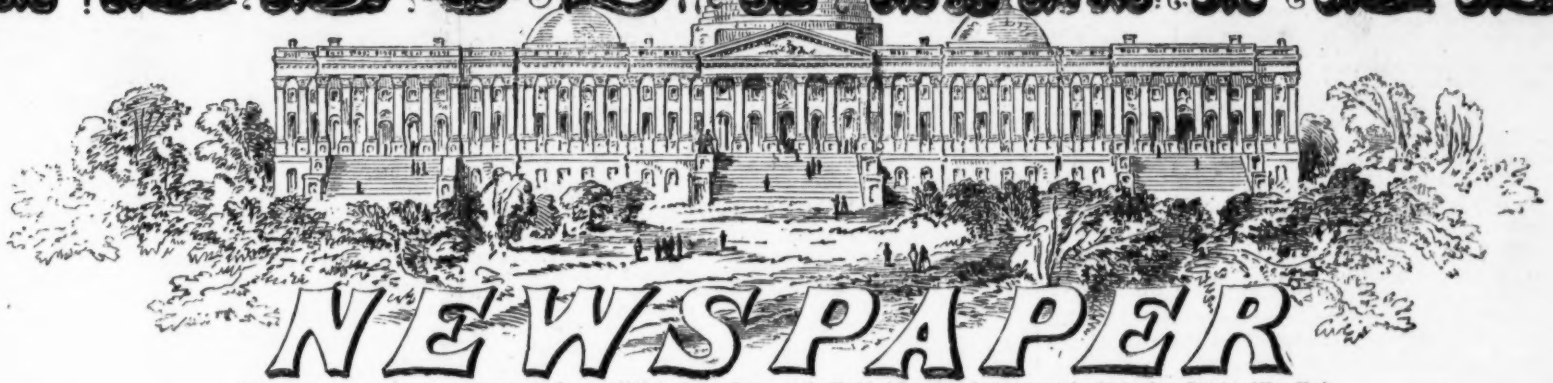


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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 261—VOL. XI.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Our Position.

On our pages this week we illustrate passing events of great and stirring interest, both in the South and in the North—the Seceding movements in the South and the scenes in the Presidential campaign in the North. We claim to be *strictly and entirely neutral* in our course of Journalism, chronicling events as they transpire in every section of the country, without bias and without feeling; adhering closely to facts, but advocating neither one side nor the other of the disturbing element of partisan politics.

In pursuing this course we do not bate one jot of our independence; we truckle to neither party, neither do we ask favors of any party. The necessity of our position is, that our circulation must be universal—our expenses are so vast that the patronage of one class, however liberal, would be but as a drop in the bucket in the way of remunerating our outlay.

Our aim is to produce a paper which shall be so entirely free from objectionable opinions or partizan views of national policy, that it can be circulated in every section of the Union and be



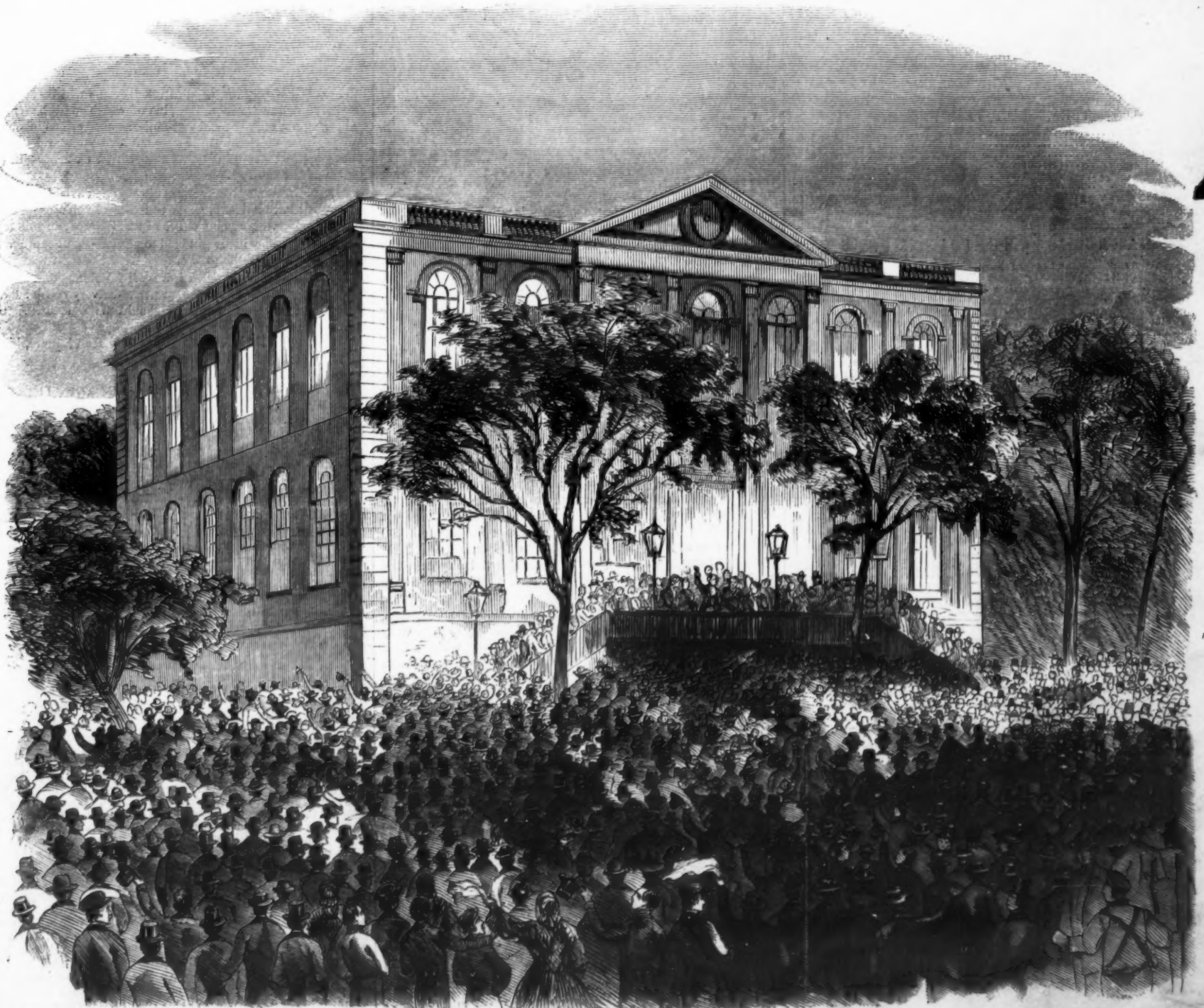
THE PALMETTO FLAG OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

received in every family as a truthful exponent of facts as they occur, and a reliable Illustrated History of the time in which we live.

Bearing this aim steadily in view, we do not swerve from our design. Our Artists and Correspondents furnish us with illustrations and descriptive matter of every event of importance, which we transfer to our pages, and we must not be held responsible if our pages illustrate scenes of which the actors therein are ashamed. We are Historians, and represent the World as we find it, without fear, favor or prejudice, confident that, while we persevere in that course, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be welcome in every section and in every home in the United States.

A Fact for our Advertisers.

We publish below two letters which we have just received. They will show that the vast circulation and the widely extended influence which we claim for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER are simple facts, without exaggeration. There is no advertising medium in the world where so extensive and varied



SECESSION ORATORS ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY HALL, CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 3.

a circulation can be obtained as through the columns of this journal.

New York, November 14, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

Dear Sir—I enclose an order received from Lima, Peru, which shows that your paper is read and has an influence even in distant lands. You may make what use of it you see fit.

Yours truly,
HENRY C. SPALDING.

Lima, Peru, October 13, 1860.

MR. HENRY C. SPALDING.

Sir—You will please deliver to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. twenty dollars' worth of the best Pressed Glass, recently advertised in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of August 25, 1860.

You will also send me, through these gentlemen, ten or twelve large show-cards to hang up in my stores, also a catalogue of the other preparations you manufacture. The twenty dollars, less the usual discount, will be credited to you by my friends, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Tell them to forward them to me in first shipment of new books, via Panama.

Yours,
JOSE MASIAS.

During the past year Mr. Henry C. Spalding has advertised in our columns to the amount of over one thousand dollars, and so entirely satisfied is he with the result of the influence of our paper, not only in the United States and Canada, but in South America, &c., &c., that he has commenced anew in the present volume with a column advertisement, to be continued every week for twelve months, at a cost of several thousand dollars. Mr. Spalding understands the philosophy of advertising thoroughly, and his reward is a business success but rarely paralleled. Let our advertising friends bear in mind the facts above stated, and if they would win a similar success—do as he has done.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

THIS NUMBER

Commences the Xth Volume

OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

With this number we commence the Eleventh Volume of our Illustrated Newspaper. Of the preceding Volumes we need hardly speak—the enterprise and energy we have displayed in catering for the public are evidenced on their pages, and give their evidence in our favor.

The present volume will hardly be inferior in interest to the one now closed. Our resources have wonderfully increased. In every section of the country we are in daily correspondence with first-class artists and photographers, engaged to supply us with illustrations of local interest and of all events which transpire in their neighborhood. Our artistic resources are more varied and complete than was ever combined in one establishment in the world.

It will also contain a larger amount of interesting reading matter than heretofore; comprising striking and beautiful novels, tales and other amusing matter; besides editorials, criticisms on art, music and literature; chess columns, billiard columns and other interesting and useful items, making together the best and most richly-illustrated family paper in America.

Subscriptions should be sent directed to

FRANK LESLIE,
19 CITY HALL SQUARE.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	17 weeks	\$ 1
One do.	1 year	3
Two do.	1 year	5
Or One Copy	2 years	5
Three Copies	1 year	6
Five do.	1 year	10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM

HAS again become the popular resort of EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS AND AMUSING.

And is now attracting more attention, and receiving more visitors than every other place of Amusement in New York. Everything novel, curious and interesting is secured by Mr. Barnum, and presented to his visitors in addition to the 880,000 Curiosities from every part of the world, and the

SPLENDID DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS

which take place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two LIVING ARMO CHAMBERS, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has ever produced; the LIVING WHAT IS IT? or MAN MONKEY; the two ALBINO CHILDREN; the GRAND AQUARIA; MONSTER SNAKES; LIVING HAPPY FAMILY, &c., &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Correspondents.—J. W., Jr., is mistaken. The party has not been in New York for several weeks.

Foreign News.

Two news from Italy is progressive and gratifying. Lord John Russell had, in a dispatch to the British Minister at Turin, acknowledged that the resistance of the Neapolitans was justified by the tyranny of their King, and also that the King of Sardinia was not to be censured for going to their assistance, to shorten a crisis that had become intolerable. It would seem as though both France and England were anxious to facilitate the escape of the deposed monarch from the Italian shores, lest his capture should complicate matters still more. Capua had been attacked on the 1st of November, and the garrison had surrendered the next day as prisoners of war. Naples was illuminated on the occasion. It is denied that the Sardinian navy had been prevented bombarding Gaeta by the French Admiral. The truth is, possibly, that the latter had merely advised the postponement of it.

The Warsaw Conference, it appears, only came to one conclusion, that it was

not expedient to hold a Congress in the present unsettled aspect of Europe. In the meantime, the French Government had ordered the building of ten additional steel-cased frigates. Whitworth had also been engaged by that power to furnish a large number of his new rifles.

From China we learn that the Taku forts had been captured by the Anglo-French forces, with the loss of four hundred of the allied troops and above a thousand of the Chinese. This would predicate as though the fighting had been much more obstinate than formerly. The Tartar Commander-in-Chief was among the slain. The possession of these forts gave the allies the entire country as far as Tien Sin, and six hundred brass guns of great calibre. The Ambassadors had gone to Tien Sin, where it was said Chinese Commissioners were in waiting to open negotiations. It was reported that the Ambassadors would soon proceed to Peking, attended by a strong escort of troops.

The Earl of Dundonald, better known as Lord Cochrane, died in London, aged 85. He was one of the most famous of British Admirals, and as distinguished for his daring as Lord Nelson himself. His life was, however, clouded for years, by his participation in a fraudulent attempt to raise the price of stocks by circulating false news in 1814. He lived long enough to expiate his offence to his honors in the Navy, and to be raised to the Peerage.

New Granada.—The intelligence is interesting. The correspondence between Flag-Officer Montgomery and Captain Miller, of Her Majesty's ship Clio, and between the former and the Intendente-General of Panama, the object of which was to fix the responsibility for the interference with the rights of American citizens by the British sentinels, had terminated in an unsatisfactory manner in both instances. Captain Montgomery had exchanged several notes with both parties, and had finally closed with one to each, in which he reviewed the whole matter, and expressed regret that he had been unable to obtain a satisfactory reply. The correspondence will be forwarded to the State Department, and may be the basis of an unpleasant dispute. The Revolutionists in the interior had made no new movement of importance. The members of the Chiriqui Surveying Expedition had arrived at Panama from Golfo Dulce.

The Nations and their Rulers.

The London Times of the 27th of October by no means takes the hopeful view of the present European imbroglio that the French Press does. It openly declares its conviction that the Great Powers are preparing for a gigantic struggle, which will settle the question of divine right for ever. It admits that the issue cannot be doubtful, as it is really a struggle between Progress and Retrogression. After reviewing the condition of the despotic combatants, it concludes by saying that Austria, hopelessly bankrupt, and driven to despair, endeavors to propitiate her chief creditor, Hungary, with paltry instalments, which that nation will refuse, seeing that she will soon have an opportunity of helping herself. Russia, the great London Thunbucker declares to be poor and embarrassed, with the fetter of serfdom around her neck, and comes to the conclusion that the nobles will avail themselves of the war to strip the Czar of many of his prerogatives, so as to bring the Government more within the scope of European intelligence; while Prussia, it predicts, will survive to feel the mistake she commits in substituting dynastic considerations for the principles of liberty and rational government. While thus France and Sardinia contend against the allied despots of Europe, the great organ of British opinion thus marks out the course of England:

When this tremendous struggle is shaking Europe to its centre will England be passive? The effort will be difficult, but the force of circumstances will force us to remain quiet. We may not admire the French Emperor, but still less can we like the motives which actuate the despotic rulers. With these men the parvenu monarch is an object of dislike and hatred, and the enemy is prompted by his contemptuous treatment of kingship. Owing his throne to popular suffrage, he has as little respect for hereditary right as a professed republican. The family of reigning sovereigns regard him as beyond their pale, and he administers to their hatred by calling nations into existence by the popular voice. The regeneration of Italy is his act, and he has swept away, like so many cobwebs, the princes of the Peninsula who represented the "divine right to govern wrong." However displeasing this may be to the European Courts, it is acceptable to the English people, and, although we hear of pleasant interviews at Coblenz between Lord John Russell and the Prussian Premier, the Foreign Minister of England knows his countrymen too well to suppose that they would go to war to restore the Italians to the vassalage which France has shivered in pieces. We shall assume once more the same neutral attitude which we took when Austria invaded Piedmont a year or two back, and France came to her assistance—that is, we shall look on and see the game played out fairly, giving our sympathy to freedom, and withholding all but moral support to the most patriotic of the combatants.

Some may consider this a masterly inactivity, while others may condemn it as undignified and timid; but it must be remembered that England, like America, has already passed through this crisis, and established her freedom after a series of convulsions similar to those now agitating the Continental nations. Her proper place is to act as moderator, and temper the triumph.

Social Questions of the Day.

Work for Women.

Those who collect statistics of arrests, of social phenomena, and of the various conditions of labor—and there are many of Mr. Buckle's disciples who do—must have observed that from time to time an instance occurs of some healthy, resolute female who dresses in male garb, passes herself off for one of the other sex, and earns her living as such until she is convicted of the crime, arrested and punished.

We entirely except from the cases to which we refer all romantic cases of damsels who, under the inspiration of Sensation Novels, seek for Adventure under cover of sack coats and pantaloon. We do not by any means refer to the loves of Billy Taylor or to anybody's "loves." Such cases there are of timid run-away damsels who weep or are otherwise violently exercised in their "emotions" while in Court, and who generally turn out to have been seducers of the most yielding description. Those to whom we refer are generally calm, stout, good-natured, rather illiterate damsels, who have worked steadily at some very laborious calling usually filled only by males, and whose simple excuse is that they could not "get along" as women, while in masculine garb they could earn a good living. Just such a case as this occurred not long ago in New Orleans, and they are by no means rare. They do not seem to be by any means connected with loose demeanor, and we are convinced that there are, in truth, many poor women who would easily earn twice what they do were they permitted to make the attempt.

Now, while repudiating the extravagancies of the so-called Woman's Rights advocates, who have been by their ultraism a drawback and a hindrance to the cause of female industrial progress, let us see if there is not room for much social reform in this matter. Small wages and irregular payments, both resulting from a limited field of labor and great competition, are at present the acknowledged lot of the working woman. In those departments where the same kind of labor is shared by men, she does not receive so high wages, though her efforts may be just as profitable to the employer. It is hardly worth while to say a word on the atrocious injustice of all this. On the one side we have plain common sense, justice and humanity, to say nothing of material and industrial fact; while on the other are certain forms of society, laws of etiquette and prejudices, which, while founded in very good feeling, and which, indeed, were once

practically useful, are at present losing their value every day. And that which causes them to lose their value is the constantly increasing demand for labor. As Labor rises in the social scale, all who can contribute to it must rise with it. The death of Feudalism and of social tyranny of all kinds is the birth of Labor. No person can carefully study the history of Labor in Europe for the past century without admitting that, whatever convulsions may shake society, one thing must progress in power and dignity, and that is Labor. The preservative art of printing alone would assure this to the world, and there are a thousand causes even more preservative than that.

Such being the case, it is inevitable that sooner or later the full field of work must and will be thrown open to all, and every Competent, whether male or female, be permitted to earn precisely what his or her abilities are worth. As regards "moral" drawbacks, it is now generally considered that independence, industry and the pride and ambition which they beget, are a thousand fold more productive of morality than mere rules of conventionalism and what women "ought to do." There is no better friend to good behavior than cheerful, fairly rewarded industry.

The greatest drawback is the one least observed by reformers. We refer to the ungenerous—the miserably contemptible opposition to female rivalry of those who fear the temporary reduction of their own gains. We have met with literary men who had this jealousy, as well as illiterate mechanics. Some years ago in England the male employes in a porcelain-painting atelier refused to work unless the female painters in the same establishment should be forbidden to use "rests" for the hand, while they themselves retained them! The reason was that the women, when allowed to use the "rests," could earn as much as men.

In a few years this question will undoubtedly force itself to discussion and solution. Meanwhile let every true philanthropist do all in his power to remove those prejudices which stand so much in the way of giving their just rights and dues to one-half of humanity.

Prospectus of the Eighth Volume of Frank Leslie's Monthly.

THE January number of FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY commences the Eighth Volume, and with it a new era in its existence. New features will be added, rendering its pages more ornamental and more useful. The Page Illustrations will be of the most exquisite description of excellence, sufficient to merit separate framing, while the Illustrations of the Novels, Tales and Travels will be more numerous and beautiful. The thrilling Novel which was commenced in the December number will be continued, and a vast amount of the most admirable literature, by first-class writers, will adorn its pages every month.

The Fashion Department, so valuable to ladies in the country, will be completely remodelled, and will contain esthetic articles upon dress and the toilette, besides the latest and most recherché Fashions prevailing in the first circles, not only in dress, bonnets, &c., but in needle-work, crochet, Berlin wool, &c., &c.

The series of exquisitely Illustrated Poems will be continued; also our Portrait Gallery, the plan of which will be enlarged, embracing not only the eminent authors and artists of our own and foreign countries, but the elegant and popular lady artists whose musical genius delights the refined audiences in every section of the country.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY enjoys an enviable reputation wherever it has been seen, as its constantly increasing subscription list proves. No pains will be spared to sustain this reputation; no expense will be grudged to render it still more worthy of the patronage of the public.

The subscriptions which expire with Volume VII. should be renewed at once, to insure the prompt delivery of Vol. I of the Eighth Volume. Subscriptions should be sent direct to this office.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Last Joke perpetrated at the expense of heroic little Jersey, is the Herald's proposition some few days ago. After complimenting her for the stand she made for the Union, the facetious editor says, "She ought no longer to be out of the Union, but deserves to be forthwith annexed to Staten Island!"

Messrs. Culbert Brothers, the well-known Jewellers of 777 Broadway, have just completed a recruit medal for the Seventh Regiment. It is of solid eighteen carat gold, and has the arms of the regiment on one side, while on the other is inscribed, "Recruit Medal, Fifth Company, Seventh Regiment. Awarded to Abram Selig." It is a very elegant specimen of workmanship.

The Undue emphasis placed upon small events in the history of great men has a very unfortunate effect upon the rising crop of writers who bloom in the pages of our current literature. Mr. Everett's oration on Washington has had this effect, more especially in California, where the well-aided discourse has lately received considerable hostile criticism. A New York paper has thus given its own version of one of Mr. Everett's trump cards:

"In the lecture alluded to, and which, we presume, is too grotesque to have been written by any other human being than himself, he has carefully avoided anything calculated to excite the minds of his audience. He tells with mirthful emphasis how General George Washington, the father of his country (the lecturer being the acknowledged grandmother thereof), when a very small boy, was always good, never associated with wicked urchins who robbed apple orchards or played hooky from school; how he went into a field and attempted to cut down a cherry-tree, with a new hatchet, and how, being caught in the act by his father, he exclaimed, in answer to the well-known query, 'Who cut it?' 'Dear father, George Washington cannot lie—I cut the tree!'"

The New York Weekly.—We are gratified to learn that our cotemporary, the New York Weekly, has met with the success which the enterprise with which it has been conducted merits. Its special strength at present is "The Gold Brick," a story in which Mrs. Ann S. Stevens has produced her chef d'œuvre, a work for which, as its merits deserve, a very liberal price has been paid by the publishers, Messrs. Street and Smith. It is always pleasant to learn that the combination of literary and of business talent has been duly rewarded, and this has been eminently the case in the present instance. Apart from "The Gold Brick," the Weekly offers numerous attractions which are constantly being increased in every respect, both as regards quantity and quality. The gentlemen proprietors of the Weekly form a "young firm," but one most favorably known, and one which will undoubtedly attain age if youthful vigor be any guarantee for longevity.

The Boat Race at Poughkeepsie.—In our notice last week of the exciting rowing match on the Hudson, the places from which the contestants hailed were changed about by an oversight. The victor, Joshua Ward, and the Champion Bowler of America, hails from Newburg, and his gallant adversary, William Berger, from Poughkeepsie.

Express Trains to Albany and the West.—Six fast trains are now running on the New York, Harlem and Albany Railroad daily. Connections are made with the New York Central, and passengers are taken through

to the principal Western, North-western and South-western cities. New and comfortable cars have been provided for the trains, and great improvements have been made upon the line. The Express leaves New York at seven A. M. and five P. M., and the Mail train at ten A. M.

The Idea of a Clergyman being swindled by a "matrimonial woman" seems like the engineer being hoisted on his petard, or the poisoner having the drugged chalice returned to his own lips. Our readers will, no doubt, feel this when they read this little extract from a newspaper published in "Honest Abe's" State:

"A singular card appears in the Brockport (Ill.) *Advertiser*. Rev. A. S. Finch warns the clergy against a woman, small in stature and wearing spectacles, who met him at a camp meeting in Rockport and coaxed him into matrimony. Afterwards he ascertained that she was the third victim of her wiles. One of his predecessors lived at Belleville (C. W.), and the other resided in Wisconsin. The latter she left in a destitute condition with three children to provide for."

As a companion picture from the Portland *Argus*, which sums up a recent divorce case in this peculiar style:

Freeman Waterhouse, libellant, vs. Eliza A. Waterhouse.—Petition for divorce—Cause, desertion. From the evidence in the case, it appeared that the wife was an "exceedingly pious" woman, and that she left her husband on account of his profanity. Judge Appleton said she should show her piety in a becoming manner by returning to her husband; that she had no excuse for leaving him, and that if she continued to desert him after this nothing could be recovered of him for her support. The circumstances in the case were not sufficient, in his mind, to warrant him in decreeing a divorce. Libel dismissed."

Why profanity should not be a valid excuse is evident, since ladies differ in their definition of what constitutes profanity. Dickens relates that, upon the husband complaining that the pork was underdone, he was taken to task by his pious wife, and rebuked for "his profanity and being discontented with his victuals." As though Providence sent cooks as well as pigs.

The Great Organ of Fourierism copies an article from the *Journal des Debats* of Paris on Garibaldi, which closes with this remarkable sentence: "When a man performs miracles he represents a great power!"

All Young Nations, like parvenues, are notoriously thinkless. There is a *mauvaise honte* about them, which makes them cry out with Scrub, in the farce, "I know they are talking of me, they laugh so consumedly." Some of our journals are playing Scrub at this very minute, and all because the London *Times*, the Beadle Bumble of the British press, has been shaking its head and bow-wowing at some overzealous attentions paid to the Prince of Wales in Richmond, Virginia. This acute sensibility to what little foreign journals say of us is ludicrous, and reminds us of a story told by the author of Jacob Leisler, as having happened either to himself or to some of his literary friends. He had just retired to his Howe's Patent Spring Bedstead, when he was roused by a poetical admirer. Ring after ring made the author spring from his couch and poke out his nightcap head to know what was the matter. "Is that you?" cried a voice. "Yes, what's the matter? House on fire, or is the Union in danger?" "No," replied his friend; "but the *Paddington Snorer*, *Sneerer* and *Sneezor* has an article on your last new play!" Next morning, the night-disturbed author found that a little penny London paper had pronounced him to be a rising young writer, for an American. What does it matter to a nation of thirty millions of freemen what the *Paddington Snorer* or the London *Times* says of us. Just read what our New York papers say of them!

PERSONAL.

When Louis Napoleon was an exile in Switzerland he was made a citizen of Thurgovia, and received from the Federal Council the command of an artillery company. In acknowledgment of the latter favor, he wrote the President: "I am proud to be numbered among the defenders of a state in which the people are recognized as sovereign, and where each citizen is ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the fatherland." It would seem from his present unamiable conduct to the humbugs of the Alps, that he is now ready to sacrifice that little selfish Republic.

SENATOR CHESTNUT has resigned his position in the Senate. The *Charleston Mercury* says that South Carolina has thrown the tea overboard; it means the unity.

The *Evening Post* says that Perry of New Jersey, although notoriously a Breckinridge man, was obliged to promise to vote Douglas before he was put on the ticket!

JOHN B. GOUGH gave a lecture at the Cooper Institute on the 13th, on "Social Responsibilities." It was very able and earnest.

Mrs. MARY L. BOWEN, who is gaining quite a reputation by her clever translations from the French, has just completed, and is about to publish, a translation of "La Femme Affranchie." This book, which will appear under the English name of "Woman Emancipated," was written by Madame d'Heri-court, and is intended as an answer to Michelet's "L'Amour."

MISS SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER's compilations from her father's works, entitled "Pages and Pictures," will be issued in a few days. It will be illustrated with forty steel engravings, and one hundred and thirty sketches on wood.

MOORE'S "Lalla Rookh" has just been published by the Longmans of London, in a more elaborate style than any previous editions of the poem. It is profusely illustrated from sixty-five designs by Mr. John Tenniel. The London *Times* thinks that "the entire set of illustrations is without a parallel in English embellishment, and putting aside Turner's and Stothard's Rogers as not exactly a case in point, the greatest illustrative achievement of any single hand."

GENERAL AVERZANA, who has been for the last ten years a sailor and spirit merchant in New York, arrived in Italy just in time to be present at the battle of Caserta; he mentions four young American volunteers very favorably.

Two young Americans, named Mead and Spackman, distinguished themselves by their gallantry at the fire in the Astor House Hotel; at the imminent hazard of their lives they rushed through a storm of fire and rescued a man named Brady. The poor fellow was, however, so much injured that he died in a few hours.

MIRING MAN.—The Canadian Government have offered \$500 reward for any information relative to John Sheridan Hogan, Esq., M. P. F., who left his residence in Canada last December, and has not been heard of since. Communications should be sent to Charles Allyn, Esq., Provincial Secretary, Quebec. A faithful portrait of Mr. Hogan will be found in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, No. 244, of July 28th, 1860.

LITERATURE.

The *Masonic Eclectic* is a very interesting monthly magazine, edited by John W. Simons, assisted by several distinguished Masonic brothers, and devoted to gleanings from the harvest field of Masonic literature. The November number is before us, and contains many articles which cannot fail to interest the Members of the Craft; among them are—The Masonic Question, by the Editor; a Masonic Poem, by George P. Morris; also one by A. H. Duganne; and another by Samuel Whiting; a Sketch of Castiglione, by the Latonia Society; a Fragment of History, by John L. Lewis, Jun.; and the Order of Knights of the Robert Macey; together with a large amount of interesting items on Masonic subjects. It is a well conducted work, and needs only to be known to obtain a large circulation. It is published at 430 Broome street, at one dollar per year.

FROM MALLOY & SICKLES, 430 Broome street, we have received a Masonic book, entitled *The Signet of King Solomon, or the Temple's Daughter*, by Aug. C. L. Arnold, LL.D., Past Grand Chaplain. The design of this work is to illustrate by means of a pleasant and interesting work of fiction the governing principles of the noble order of Freemasonry. The writer is an enthusiastic mason, and has developed the goodness and beauty of the craft, and its influence for great good in its higher degrees, and has at the same time given a strong and living interest to the plot of the story by which the governing principles of the order are evolved and illustrated. It is a very interesting volume.

A memoir of Elizabeth Aldworth, the Female Freemason, and a Masonic Prologue add considerably to the interest and value of the publication.

THAYER & ELDREDGE, of Boston, have sent us a ranting and raving Abolition book, disguised under the name of *A Story of True Love*. We have before expressed our disgust at these outrageously sectional productions, so exaggerated in detail, so false in facts and so untrue in deduction. There is some very powerful writing in this work, and many of the scenes are full of striking action, but the absurdity of raising a superstructure of god-like virtues on the sole basis that the individual is an abolitionist, and the monstrous theory that a man must be a devil and graced with every demoniacal quality because he owns slaves, are so manifestly preposterous, that common sense revolts at it—truth refutes it—human nature rises up against it, and we feel inclined to throw the dangerous and disingenuous volume into the fire. The author is a believer in "nigger," but a doubter of Shakespeare; indeed, we got so confused by his eloquent bombast, in which Garrison, Wendell Phillips, the Nigger, Theodore Parker and Shakespeare were so inextricably blended, that we were yet in some doubt as to whom is ascribed the honor of having written Shakespeare's works—but we rather think it was the "nigger." The publishers, we presume, find it to their interest to bring out these intolerable and abominable books, but we can only class them with the worst sort of sensation novels, which, beneath an outside show of morality and humanity, appeal to the worst passions of our nature, and stir up the bitter blood of hate and intolerance in kindred hearts. Such books should be tabooed by every class of readers.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 79 Fulton street, New York, have sent us the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Review* for October. It is an interesting number, and contains several sterling articles; among them one, entitled "The United States under the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan," is devoted to the consideration of the Slave Question. Leonard Scott & Co.'s republication of the sterling magazine of England is a well considered and most successful enterprise.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTH.

EVER since the vote of the 6th of November, which indicated beyond peradventure that the candidate for the Republican party would be the next President of the United States, there has been a wild excitement and a terrible agitation in our sister States of the South. Even before the vote which settled the doubt, many Southern politicians looked upon the result as a foregone conclusion, and had prepared the minds of their constituents for an organized and determined resistance. So the feeling had been growing and growing, fanned almost to a premature fire by the sneering and insulting tone of too many of the Northern papers, until the public mind at the South was fully prepared for some prompt, definite and determined action.

South Carolina led the van in opposition to the assumption of power of that party so obnoxious to the sentiment of the entire South. Her State Legislature has authorized a Convention, to meet on the 17th, to deliberate upon the present state of affairs and decide what course of action the State shall pursue. Popular indications seem to point to immediate secession as the only means of allaying the feverish excitement of the people. In Charleston and Columbia meetings take place daily and nightly. Distinguished public men address excited crowds from the steps of the public buildings, from the windows of the hotels, and at the corners of the streets. The language of the speakers is unmistakable, and those who speak the loudest for immediate dissolution are the most enthusiastically cheered. A large proportion of the Federal officers have resigned, and are to be remunerated by the State for their sacrifice for the cause of right, and it is said that their course will be followed by every official, Postmasters, &c., now holding positions under the Federal Government. Senators Toombs, Chestnut and Hammond have resigned.

South Carolina does not stand alone in this secession movement. Georgia and Alabama are active, enthusiastic and demonstrative in the cause. Alabama will call a State Convention on the seventh of December, and the Governor of Georgia, in a lengthy message, recommends a system of retaliation against hostile States (those which nullify the Fugitive Slave Law), and the immediate calling of a State Convention. From State to State the disunion feeling is spreading with a terrible rapidity, and the more it spreads the wilder and the more intense it seems to grow. In our next issue we shall probably chronicle the first steps taken by the Southern States towards withdrawing from the Union.

Charleston is boiling over with the spirit of secession. It is the theme of every tongue, and, apparently, the hope of every heart. The palmetto flag was raised amidst the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the people, and now waves from a hundred houses. Several State Legislatures have made large appropriations for the arming of the militia, and "minute" men are being enrolled by hundreds. It has been stated that the minute men organization numbers between one and two hundred thousand men, prepared to defend the action of the South at all hazards. Hardee's drill is adopted and zealously practised.

The Legislature passed a bill authorizing the banks to suspend specie payments, and the military committees of both houses were to sit during the recess.

Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, is about to summon the Legislature to consider the state of affairs.

There is a disposition at the North to speak lightly of this great and general movement, but a free people so strongly moved, and writhing under what they believe to be a deliberate and settled plan to rob them of that which they consider to be their vested and inalienable rights, are not likely to be quieted without some definite object is obtained, be it what it may.

On Monday, the 12th inst., a mass meeting of the people of Charleston was called to be held at the Institute Hall, to ratify the call of a convention by the Legislature. The invitation extended to ladies and was responded to with enthusiasm, the galleries of the vast hall being thronged by the gentle sex, who displayed a deep and earnest interest in the transactions. The building was densely thronged, and the thousands outside who could not force their way in were addressed at various points by strong and excited speakers. The meeting was presided over by the late Federal Judge Magrath, and addresses were made by ex-Senator Rhett, Mr. Spratt, ex-Government Attorney Conner, ex-Collector Colecock and other eloquent men. It is stated that when the speaker declared "The Union is dissolved," the enthusiasm beggared description. The vast audience rose as with one impulse, and amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs shout after shout pealed forth, which seemed to shake the building to its foundation. Fireworks and illuminations marked the occasion, which appeared to be one of general joy.

MUSIC.

The Academy does not reopen its doors to the public until the 21st inst. During the recess it is stated that several important, and we should judge most judicious, alterations are to be made in the auditorium. Private boxes are to be constructed to take the place of the present entrances to the parquette next the orchestra, and in lieu thereof several additional passages will be opened leading directly from the first circle into the parquette. This will not only afford much greater facilities for ingress and egress, but also relieve the ladies who occupy the front seats from the rude, unmannerly gaze of the "border ruffians" who have been in the habit of congregating in the present parquette entrances, and ranging themselves along the front of the balcony, frequently entirely shutting out those seated behind them from a view of the stage. Corridors, in addition to those already existing, will likewise be opened in the parquette, to afford the audience greater convenience in visiting and receiving visits. If these improvements are thoroughly carried out, the patrons of the Academy, especially those of the fair sex, will have reason to be devoutly thankful. The new season, which it is said will only be continued up to the holidays, will be under the management of Mr. Ullman, and artists and operas will be alike, in a great measure, novelties to the New York public.

The New York Philharmonic Society.—The first concert of the Nineteenth Season took place at the Academy of Music on the 10th inst. It was attended by a very fashionable and crowded audience, and to their honor be it stated, there was very little talking and scarcely any flirting, exclusive attention being paid to the very fine performance which was prepared for their delectation. The orchestra was evidently in a playing mood; satisfied with themselves, the music selected and the conductor—for rarely has the Philharmonic band equalled the executive excellence of that evening. The symphony was played with sentiment, delicacy and precision, and Mendelssohn's beautiful Overture has never before in the city been so faithfully and intelligently rendered. Mr. Eisfeld deserves infinite credit for his excellent interpretation and leading of these fine works.

The vocal portion of the concert was sustained by Madame Dummler, whose debut was received with some favor. Our friend Noll, clever as he is, is not equal to Vioutemps' Concerto. The violin is an exacting instrument, and he who would excel as a soloist must pay to it the exclusive devotion of a lover. We subjoin the programme.

PART I.
Symphony, No. 2, in C, Op. 61, Robert Schumann; 1. Lento—Allegro con energia. 2. Scherzo—Molto vivace. 3. Larghetto. 4. Allegro, Molto vivace. Aria from "Robert le Diable," "Va! dit-elle," Madame Schroeder Dummler, Meyerbeer.

PART II.
Overture, "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt," in D, Op. 27 (Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage), Mendelssohn; Second Concert, for violin, in F sharp minor, Op. 19, Mr. Joseph Noll; H. Vioutemps; "Gebet der Elizabeth" (Prayer), from "Der Tannhauser," Madame Schroeder Dummler; Overture, "Leonora," No. 1, in C (Anno 1805), first time, Beethoven; Conductor, Theodore Eisfeld.

DRAMA.

Winter Garden.—Many years had elapsed since Miss Cushman had enacted her favorite character of "Romeo," until she reappeared in that part on Thursday evening last, supported by Mrs. Bowers as Juliet, Mr. Dyott as Mercutio, and Mr. Couldeek as Friar Lawrence. The house was crowded on this interesting occasion, and a fair share of enthusiasm was manifested, but

candidly speaking, we cannot admire Miss Cushman's rendition of the love-sick Romeo. In her hands every particle of poetry is lost, and in place of a charming embodiment of thoroughly romantic passion, we have presented to us a nervous, awkward, over-grown boy, full of irregularities, uninteresting in manner, and unattractive in bearing. Now we are quite willing to admit that many a young lady like Juliet would fall desperately in love with just such a Romeo as Miss Cushman offers us, for her impersonation is full of ardor, full of intensity; but we submit that the Romeo the mind craves for is a creature full of grace and beauty, elegant in bearing, refined in manner, passionate but never rude in speech, by turns exulting and by turns despairing, as the course of his great love runs smoothly over the golden sands of hope, or is dashed remorselessly upon the iron rocks of a hard fate. Of all characters in the range of the acting drama, Romeo can least afford to be dealt with in a realistic manner; we do not wish to believe that, like other youths, his impetuosity is rude, his passion absurd to all save himself and the object upon which it is lavished. We prefer to deal with him only poetically, to find in him the very concentration of what we dream a "lover" should be; once dash aside the veil of romance and deal with him in an off-hand, every day manner, and the charm vanishes, the interest ceases, your sympathy is dashed with realism with cold water, and when you should weep you can with difficulty refrain from smiling. We willingly admit that Miss Cushman makes Romeo act very much as any young man of average ability acts when he is first in love, but thus by being too natural she destroys the ideal of the part. Who dares to see Cupid painted without wings?

The Juliet of Mrs. Bowers is a highly respectable performance, very much better than any previous delineations of character we have witnessed by the lady. Mr. Dyott as Mercutio, deserves especial credit; he was infinitely the best acted part in the tragedy, full of life and animation, overflowing with gentility and spirit, yet carefully and delicately shaded, and on the whole a most excellent performance. Mr. Couldeek's Friar Lawrence was simply as bad as possible, and the rest of the performers are not entitled to any large share of praise, if we except young Mr. Stoddard, whose Benvolio was exceedingly well acted; and Mr. Davidge, whose performance of Peter was truly Shakespearian, and consequently life-like and amusing to an unusual degree. The scenery is nearly all new, in good taste and most admirably painted, and the tragedy throughout is well mounted. We congratulate both patrons and management of this house upon the return of Mr. Tiltson. This gentleman during his former connection with the establishment won the esteem of all the habitués. He has the general charge of the auditorium, which is sufficient assurance to visitors that their comfort will be well looked after.

At the other theatre there are no changes to note. Mr. Forrest in "Othello," and the stock company on the off nights in the "Dead Heart," still fill Niblo's; while "Playing with Fire" does the same at Wallack's. Miss Keemo keeps "Physic and Fancy" on the bills, but promises some startling novelties.

Barnum's Museum.—The great sensational drama of "Rose Elmer," originally published in the New York *Ledger*, has been produced by the enterprising manager, and is received nightly by crowded audiences, with immense applause. The *Asics* are likewise great attractions, and excite much curiosity. Altogether, there is no place equal to Barnum's Temple of Art and Curiosities, to while away a pleasant hour.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A BRUTAL murder was perpetrated at the flourishing town of New Lotts, Long Island. It appears that on Monday, Theodore Collyer, a well-to-do market gardener, came to New York to dispose of his load of vegetables. He returned to his home shortly after dark with the proceeds in his pockets. After taking his supper he went out, and visited the store of Mr. Torrey on the plank road, and while paying for some purchases there he drew out a large roll of bills. This was remarked by some of the bystanders. Collyer then left the store. The next morning early he was found by his wife in the barn with his skull fractured and quite dead. His money and watch were also gone. The murderers have not yet been detected.

COMPANY F, National Guard, Boston, who had been sojourning in our city for some days, were reviewed by Mayor Wood before the City Hall on the 13th. The Guard was escorted by Company B, of the Eighth, Capt. Moore, from the Armory, and arrived at the Park about three o'clock. The review was a very imposing and satisfactory affair. The Bostonians took their departure the same evening in the steamer *Traveller* of New Haven.

CONSIDERABLE excitement is now raging in Bergen, New Jersey, on account of the sudden and most suspicious death of Mrs. Absalom, wife to a farmer in that town. From the brutal manner in which he had treated her for years, and in consequence of his repeated threats against her life, uttered to herself and others, suspicion immediately fastened upon him, and a warrant for his arrest was issued by Coroner Gaffney. There is little doubt that she has been poisoned, and her husband's brutal conduct naturally fixes public suspicion upon him. She had been sick for some time, and under a doctor's care.

The *Boston Traveller* announces that Dr. William Longshaw, Jr., of East Cambridge, who went out as Surgeon with the Hayes Expedition, has arrived home in Boston, and he reports all well. Dr. Longshaw went from Greenland to Copenhagen, and thence to America. The vessel behaved admirably.

The Providence *Press* has a very distressing account of the suicide of an old man named Thomas Astin, in the State prison. He had been tried for perjury a day or two before, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment with hard labor. There were many circumstances in this case to arouse the public sympathy, and the verdict as well as the sentence caused considerable surprise. When the keeper went the following morning, the unhappy man was found with his throat cut. His wounds were so severe that it is almost impossible he can recover.

We gave in a late number an illustration of the inauguration of Druid Park, Baltimore. We have now to record the death of Mr. Lloyd Rogers, the late owner of that now public domain. It is supposed to have been hastened by the grief and excitement of parting with so much of his ancestral estate.

A coin collector in Salem, Mass., recently sold to a collector in Hartford a copper cent for seventy-five dollars. It was the coin known as the "Highly copper," the first copper cent of Connecticut, dated 1737, and struck by a blacksmith named Higley. But three specimens of this ancient coin are known to be in existence; and being thus rare, it readily commands the high price paid for this one of the three.

MR. BARNY has withdrawn his charge against Isaiah Rynders, with the observation that his object was accomplished by the publicity given to the matter.

The defalcation of Mr. Bates, the late State Treasurer of Vermont, is above \$60,000. As most of this sum is composed of sums he has buried in the name of the State, there is considerable litigation in prospect. It was only discovered, therefore, that the ex-treasurer had created any debt when a note of \$9,000 at the Brattleboro' bank fell due. Mr. Bates, being then looked for, had doctored away his property and fled. The principal notes now discovered, going to make up the sum of \$51,500 are: 15,000 with Lawrence Brainerd, of St. Albans; \$9,000 with Abel Underwood; \$4,500, Orange county bank; \$5,300, Lamoille county bank; and lesser sums with seven other banks. Of course the State cannot dodge payment, as the treasurer's name bound the State under the law.

The Rochester *Express* has a long account of a secret society called the American Eagles, which has for its end and aim a political object. It does not, however, state what its proclivities are.

On Monday night Mr. Sebastian Meckel, his wife, son and Miss Nettie Klagroth, all stopping at the Astor House, were in the act of crossing Broadway opposite Barnum's Museum, when one of the Fourth avenue lines of stage, driven by Henry Sheffield, came rushing down the street and before the party could get out of its way the two ladies were knocked down and severely injured. Mrs. Meckel had one of her arms fractured, and Miss Klagroth lost two fingers of her left hand crushed by the wheels of the vehicle. The driver, who was intoxicated, was arrested; and Justice Welsh locked him up. The ladies were assisted to the Astor House.

On Saturday there were in this port 25 steamers, 125 ships, 161 barks, 163 brigs and 134 schooners, not including Collins, &c.; 52 are loading for Europe, 3 for East Indies, 2 for West coast of South America and 3 for Australia. There are on the berth for San Francisco 7 fine ships.

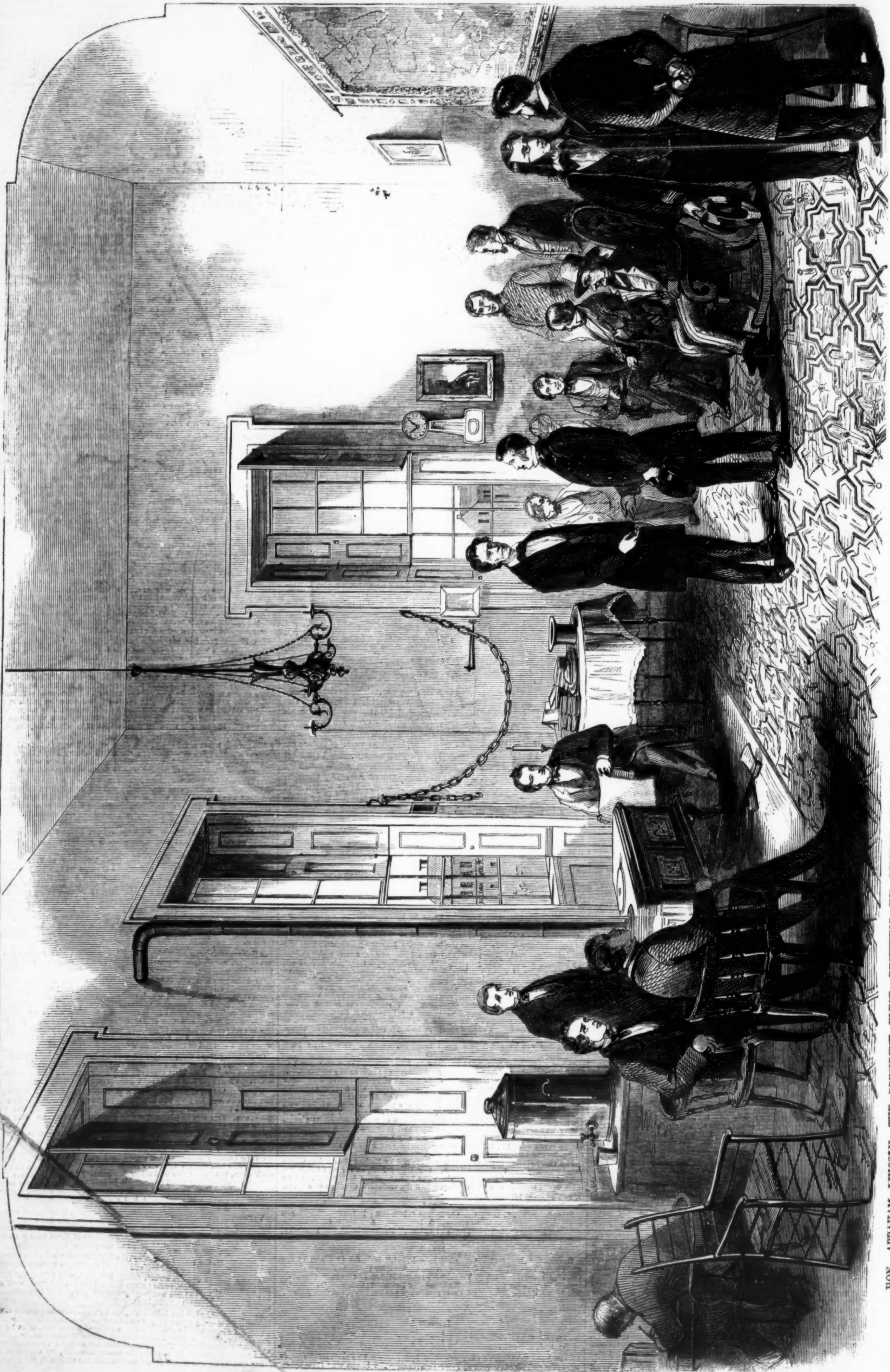
A most diabolical attempt to poison a patient in the City Hospital was made last week on a patient by two other men in the institution. The first attempt was made by the confederates in the morning, when Croton oil was placed in the broth. This was so unpleasant that their intended victim could not swallow it; in order to avoid detection one of the men threw the basin overboard, and by accident. The same evening the man had a friend come to try to detect a large quantity of Croton oil was placed in the milk. Before long, shortly the unpleasant flavor both had swallowed a considerable quantity of violent after the unlucky milk-drinkers were seized with all the symptoms of violent poison, and still remain in a very precarious condition as a mark. They their deed, but denied any evil attempt, declaring that the man whose life was thus attempted had been seen by these men at a Savings Bank unknown to his belt, but which he afterwards had placed at a Savings Bank unknown to the supposed conspirators.

The carelessness of the rock blasters at three accidents have occurred, one every day. During the last two days, as well as the immediate fatality. The contractor ought to be aware of some of these men is an industry equally dangerous to themselves and the public.

On Saturday, the 10th, and Sunday, the 12th, the tides in Boston were higher than they have been for years. Many of the streets were submerged.

As Mrs. Rogers, of 24th street, South Brooklyn, was taking her dinner in the basement on the 24th, some person entered the house by means of a latch-key, and stole about \$1,200 worth of jewellery out of her bed-room. Three men have been arrested on suspicion.

The custom of Lynch law is becoming too frequent in some parts of our State. One day last week, a young man, named Gordon, was shot while standing near a house of ill-fame. The next evening, a party of his friends, aided by numerous ruffians, made an assault upon several equivocal mansions, and destroyed everything inside them. These lawless men are as great evils in a city as the epidemic they pretend to obviate. It must, however, be confessed that the laxity and corruption of our judicial authorities are indirectly the cause of this growing evil.

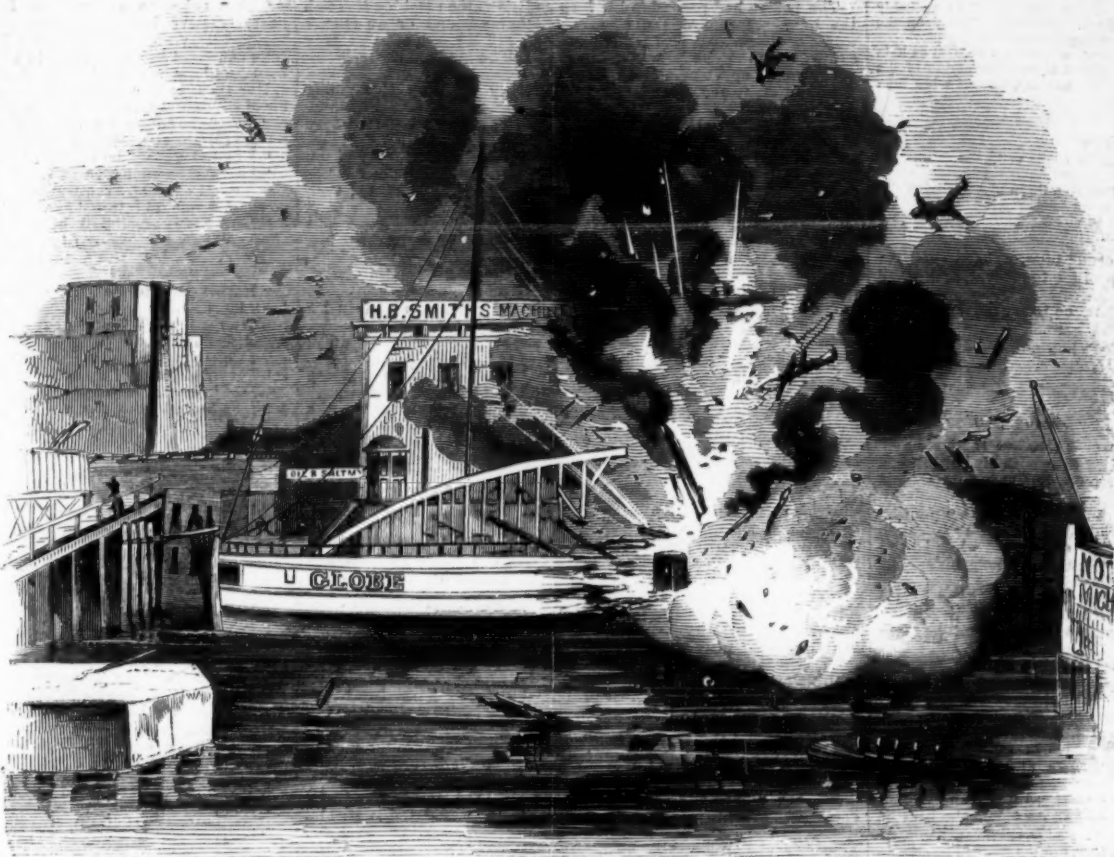


HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT ELECT, RECEIVING HIS VISITORS IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN THE STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HENRI LOYER.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER GLOBE AT CHICAGO.

It is our painful duty to-day to illustrate one of those appalling catastrophes which has rendered Western travelling so dangerous, and, we fear, from what we have read in the local papers, that it was the result of the grossest carelessness. On the morning of Thursday, 8th November, about nine o'clock, the citizens in the vicinity of Clarke and Well streets, Chicago, were startled by a tremendous explosion upon the north side of the river, and at the same instant the air was filled with a shower of beams, iron and splinters of every description. This was found to be the remains of the propeller Globe, Captain Amos Pratt, lying at Hale's dock.

The Globe had only arrived about five hours that morning from Buffalo with a cargo of apples and other merchandise. She had also brought some passengers, all of whom had left the vessel. The engineers and firemen were in the engine-room taking off a cylinder head. The steam had been blown off from one of the boilers and the fire put out, the other boiler had but little steam in it. While they were thus occupied, the boiler exploded with terrific force, tearing the propeller into atoms, and covering the adjacent parts with the wreck of the ill-fated vessel. The crew numbered twenty-five in all, and it is feared that most of them have perished. The force of the shock was terrible. The long block of buildings adjoining the north side of the river was shaken as by an earthquake. The windows were all broken and the ceilings destroyed.



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER GLOBE, AT HALE'S DOCK, CHICAGO, THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. PETRIE.



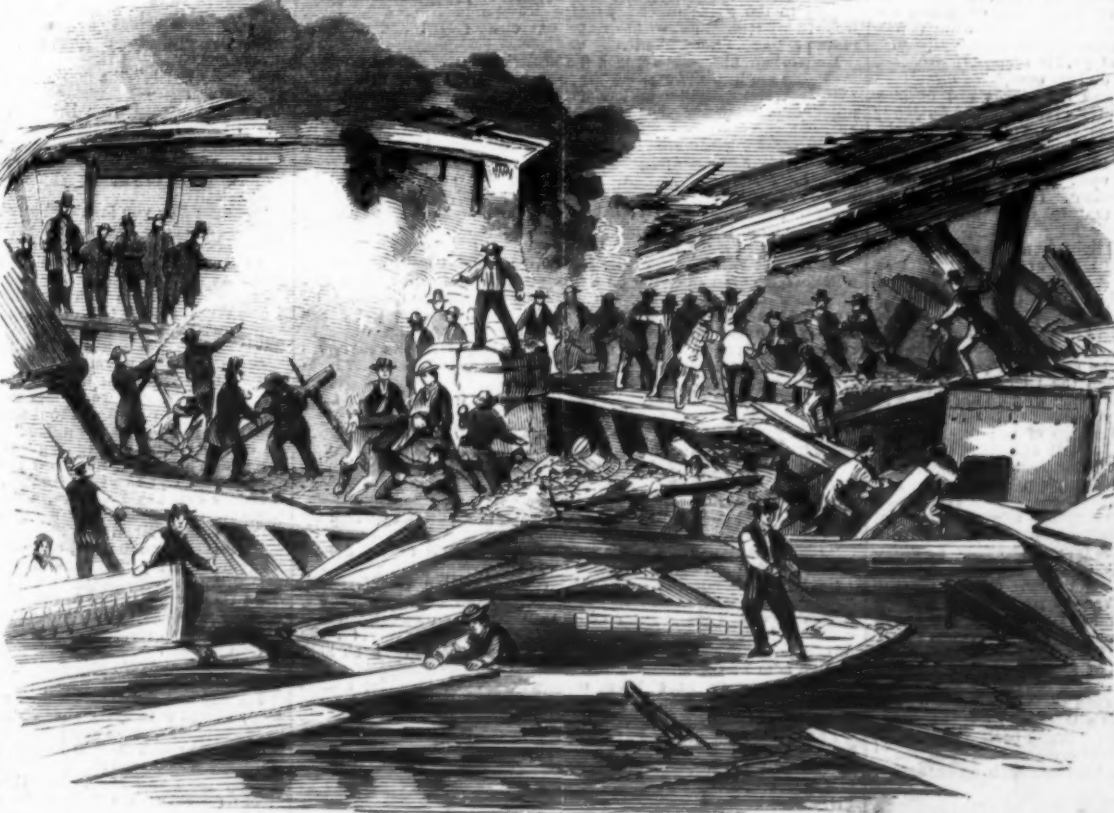
HOLE MADE IN AN IRON SHUTTER ON THE REAR OF LARRABEE & NORTH'S HARDWARE STORE, BY ONE OF THE FENDERS OF THE BOAT.

Some idea may be formed of the wonderful power concealed in a drop of water from some of the particular effects of the explosion. The iron of the boilers, as we have said, was ripped asunder as if it had only been so much paper. The boilers were literally torn to shreds, and one of them, less torn than the others, was twisted and collapsed like an old felt hat that has been through an election-day fight.

A piece of timber, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, was thrown across the river and into the rear office of Messrs. Stewart, Youle & Co., in the Board of Trade Building. It entered via the window, and landed in the middle of the room. Mr. Stewart had left the room scarcely a minute before the intrusion of the unwelcome projectile.

One of the fenders of the boat, weighing two hundred pounds, was blown through the air and hurled into the rear of Larrabee & North's hardware store, over a block from the dock, and cutting out a circular piece of a foot in diameter from the centre of a thick iron shutter.

The Globe was one of the oldest of our lake craft now in commission. She came from the stocks as a side-wheel steamboat in 1848. Subsequently she was altered to a propeller. Her present engines were comparatively new, having taken the place of the old ones, which were condemned about four years ago. She was registered as a B 2 vessel, with a valuation of \$17,000. She was insured for \$5,000, but as marine policies do not cover loss or damage by explosion, the loss will fall entirely upon her owner, Mr. William O. Brown, of Buffalo. She was commanded by Captain Amos Pratt, one of the oldest and best of lake navigators.



THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER GLOBE AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE EXPLOSION—CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD BODIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. WILLIAMS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN Receiving his Friends in the Court Room of the State House, Springfield.

We give in our present number a sketch of the President elect receiving the congratulations of his friends and neighbors in the Court Room of the State House, Springfield. It would seem from all accounts that he received the news of his elevation with that equanimity which has distinguished his whole career. The capital of Springfield is a large handsome building of a yellowish stone, and has been erected about twenty years.

ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

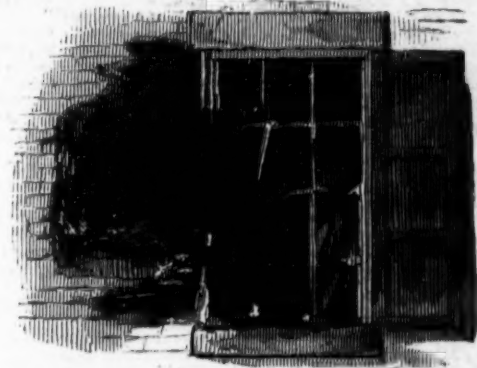
By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I., II. AND III.

The scene opens in a cold, cheerless afternoon in November, when a carriage containing an old gentleman and a fine, handsome youth of nineteen years is dashing along on the way from Wootton-under-Edge towards Kingswood Hall, the residence of one of England's proud nobility. The youth demands of his aged companion some information respecting his birth and parentage. This the old man declines, but says that he is taking him to Kingswood Manor, where he has a right to shelter, and adds, mysteriously, that Lord Kingswood can solve the mystery. The youth at first refuses to proceed, but upon his companion declaring that his residence there is a sacred duty he owes one who is dear to him, he acquiesces in the wish of his associate. He confides, also, to the youth his name, which he was to keep secret. He also added that he had

endeavored to beguile the virtuous scruples of his beautiful victim, whose marriage had actually been legal, so that when he thought he was seducing his victim he was really marrying her. When Ismael Malpas told him this, and also that the youth lived and was at that minute beneath his roof, his anguish was indescribable. What if Lady Kingswood should learn it? The thought was distraction.



REAR OF THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, SHOWING THE HOLE MADE BY A PIECE OF TIMBER WEIGHING 250 POUNDS, WHICH WAS BLOWN ACROSS THE RIVER.

After an interview, Ismael sprang into the carriage and was driven away leaving Erle, the youthful stranger, at Kingswood Manor.

No sooner had the carriage driven away, than Lord Kingswood left his study to prevent his haughty and jealous wife from being the first to meet the young stranger.

He found Erle Gower in the apartment to which he had been shown, and Lord Kingswood, in an artful conversation, endeavored to draw from the youthful stranger what he knew of himself. Finding that he really knew nothing of his name or lineage, and that even Mr. Vernon, who brought him hither, had only seen him on that special occasion, his mind grew calmer, and, in answer to the youth's fervent entreaties as to who and what he was, Kingswood answered that he was the son of a deceased officer, and Kingswood's particular friend. He also informed Erle Gower that Kingswood Manor would be for a time his abiding place. As he was thus conversing with his young guest, the door of the apartment opened, and Lady Kingswood entered. Lady Kingswood was a fine woman about forty, and still retaining the traces of great beauty. Jealous in disposition, she was inquisitive to rudeness. Her husband introduced the young Gower to her as the orphan of a dear friend, a statement which she received with a smiling incredulity. She at once took upon herself the care of entertaining him, and, bowing to both, she left the room.

When she disappeared, Lord Kingswood urged upon his protégé the necessity of great caution and discretion in replying to the questions of his wife. He then left Gower to his reflections. Soon after the housekeeper of the Manor came and showed him to the rooms intended for him. They were at the extreme end of the edifice, and decidedly the most ancient. A smaller room opened out of the sitting one, in which there was a massive bedstead. On the wall there was a portrait of a lady, which strangely roused the recollections of the youth. The fires were made in the old fireplace, and he was told that his dinner would be served in his own room, as Lord Kingswood had guests. This stung his pride, but he had no alternative but submission. He therefore sat his dinner in gloomy silence, and after spending a most melancholy evening, he went to bed, but it was not to sleep. Fancies thick and fast poured through his brain, which at length found in slumber a respite. He threw himself upon his bed, and regarded the portrait of a lady, young, and of strange, weird-like beauty. A singular thrill passed through his frame as he gazed on it; he felt he had seen that face before, but whether in his dreams or in his infancy

been his true friend, and would ever prove so.

In a short time they reached Kingswood Manor, one of those noble old residences so common in England. The aged man and his youthful charge alighted from the carriage and inquired for Lord Kingswood. The former was ushered into his presence, while the youth was taken to another apartment which looked on a magnificent woodland scene. While buried in gloomy reflections and forebodings, a pair of tender hands were pressed over his eyes, and a sweet, silvery voice cried out,

"Guess my name, Or a forfeit I claim."

Erle Gower, for such was the youth named, sat utterly bewildered. The hands were removed, and a beautiful girl stood before him. Their astonishment was mutual. After casting a terrified glance, she ran away like a frightened fawn. At the earnest entreaties of Erle, the beautiful girl returned and apologized for her unwitting familiarity, by telling him that as her cousin Cyril was expected she mistook Erle for him. She then disappeared.

Erle remained in a reverie for a few minutes, and with the instinctiveness of jealousy cried, "I hate that cousin Cyril!"

II.

The room to which the attendant ushered Ismael Malpas—the name of the elderly traveller already alluded to—was a large study, where sat a handsome man in the prime of life. Lord Kingswood rose abruptly to his feet as he entered, and rebuked his attendant for thus conducting any one unannounced to his presence. He then, in a stern voice, ordered him to retire. When the two men were thus face to face, Lord Kingswood said, in an uncertain tone, "I did not expect to find you the bearer of that note." A scene of the most wonderful power ensued, in which the visitor, whose real name is Vernon, harrowed the soul of the guilty nobleman with recounting the wrongs of an injured lady whom the earl had married and deserted. The youth is, of course, the child of this unhappy lady. The whole range of sensational literature does not contain a more thrilling chapter.

It appears that while Lord Kingswood scrupled of his beautiful victim, whose marriage had actually been legal, so that when he thought he was seducing his victim he was really marrying her. When Ismael Malpas told him this, and also that the youth lived and was at that minute beneath his roof, his anguish was indescribable. What if Lady Kingswood should learn it? The thought was distraction.

he could not tell. As the Manor turret clock struck midnight, Erle suddenly sat up in his bed, his eyes wide open and fixed. He stepped lightly on the floor, and walked across the apartment, as though pursuing some object. He entered the sitting-room with the same slow, measured pace, still as if in pursuit, and passed before an open door, situated in a remote corner of the apartment. Then he clasped his hands upon his temples, uttered a low cry, and fell on the floor as though bereft of life.

CHAPTER IV.

Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Nice joined, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Into the flesh, far within defensive arms
A cloaking mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent.—Milton.

As the turret-bell, with a deep and sonorous tone, chimed the hour of one, Erle sprang from his prostrate position to his feet, and gazed wildly around him.

His lips moved rapidly, and gave utterance to incoherent words, those alone audible being,

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
Shall toll and fight,
In sorrow and pain.
Till he solves the wonder of Kingswood Chace."

It seemed as if the repetition of the words recalled to him a consciousness of his position. He covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then looked once more slowly and earnestly around him.

The decaying wood embers threw a flickering glare upon the quaint, grim old furniture, and caused them to look more grotesque and ghastly than in the daylight. He was some little while before he could realize his situation, and then, drawing a long breath, he murmured,

"I have been dreaming. But, merciful Heaven, what a horrid dream!" A shivering fit seized him, and hurrying to his bed-chamber, he divested himself of his attire, and buried himself beneath the clothes.

Out of an unrefreshing sleep, disturbed by wild and feverish dreams, he was awakened by Lord Kingswood's valet, a dark, sal- low-faced looking individual, excellent, no doubt, in his capacity, but by no means attractive in his personal appearance.

He was precisely one of those individuals into whose arms nobody, especially the softer sex, would feel disposed to rush with enthusiasm. He had a long visage, beetling brows, and shifty, restless black eyes.

Erle naturally frowned as this visage presented itself on opening his eyes to his gaze, even though its owner had done him the service of waking him from a distracting dream, and without a word, inquired by a glance why he had aroused him.

The man replied as if questioned.

"By the orders of my Lord Kingswood, I awaken you to inform you that it is his lordship's wish—and it is understood here that his wishes are commands—that for the present you will confine yourself scrupulously to the apartments you at present occupy. There are guests at the manor, and his lordship deems it advisable, that until their departure you should remain secluded in your chamber. Every attention to your comfort will be paid. I am instructed to control that arrangement. His lordship will shortly pay you a visit, and hopes to find you contented and obedient."

Erle gazed with indignant eyes upon him.

"What?" he cried, "am I to be detained here a prisoner?"

"There will be no objection on his lordship's part to your indulging yourself with a walk in the Chace," returned the valet, with an offensive superciliousness of tone. "But you will proceed to it by a communication which leads from a door at the end of the adjoining corridor. It has not been used for many, many years. His lordship alone keeps possession of the key; here it is. He entrusts it to you, but it must not leave your custody. Shall I convey to his lordship that you readily assent to his wishes?"

"To his commands," responded Erle, with a curling lip. "You will inform his lordship that I must perforce comply, as for the present I cannot help myself."

The valet raised his eyes with a sinister look, and with the habitual bow, he disappeared.

It was daylight, the sky was blue, and the air without seemed frosty. Erle rose at once, and hastily attired himself, and entered the sitting-room.

As he advanced to the centre, his eye fell upon the oaken door, in the furthest corner of the room.

He started, and placed his hand to his forehead with a confused manner. After a few minutes' thought, he muttered,

"A dream, but how singular—how terrible!"

He approached the window, but the gardens and pleasure-grounds were not visible, and the figure of that young girl, whose touch, the day before, had thrilled every nerve in his frame, was not to be seen in any direction, nor that of any other human being either.

He ate his solitary breakfast, which he found prepared for him, but no attendant remained to wait upon him, so he partook of it sparingly, and under a most painful sense of loneliness. He quickly grew restless and impatient, and the sight of the key, which Lord Kingswood's valet had given to him, resting on the table where the man had thrown it, determined him to take advantage of the permission given to him to visit the Chace.

The door at the end of the corridor was quickly found, and as quickly, though not without difficulty, unlocked. Erle saw before him a staircase, which ascended as well as descended, but he took little note of it, and closing the door behind him, he proceeded, aided by a very dim and uncertain light, down a worn, narrow stone staircase, with a rude iron railing for banisters. He continued his descent until he fancied the stairs were interminable; but it was not until he found himself in utter darkness that he halted.

His first impulse was to retrace his steps, his second to proceed. It seemed improbable that the valet had given erroneous directions to him. Besides, he had read that these old places had curious modes of communication with the outer precincts, and no doubt the present way of entrance to the Chace remained as when built some hundreds of years previously. He therefore continued groping his way, until he at length reached the bottom.

Before him, shining in the darkness, upon a level with his eyes, there appeared to be a glittering diamond. The next instant the illusion passed away, and he decided that he there perceived the outlet to the Chace.

He hurried along still—save the small light from the aperture—in utter darkness, over uneven, damp and slimy ground, until he was rewarded by the object of his search. A massive iron door, pierced with circular holes, crossed protectively by small bars of iron, opposed his further progress; but his key, when applied to the lock of this iron door, after repeated trials of his utmost strength, turned it; there remained two massive bolts to remove. One more powerful exertion of his muscular strength, and he succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to squeeze through the space, narrow as it was. He then found himself in a gap, choked with an undergrowth of brushwood and shrubs.

He looked upwards, and found the branches of tall trees spread high above him, intervening between the earth and sky. He forced his way through the entangled mass of briar, thorn and gorse, and he stood fairly and freely in a copse forming part of Kingswood Chace.

Everywhere around him grew trees forming alleys and vistas, leading in all directions of the compass. Already acquainted with the precautions necessary to be taken in forest ramblings, he attentively regarded the form and character of the tree nearest to the gap, and the position of the sun, and commenced cutting notches in the nearest trees, and sticking pieces of paper on straggling boughs, as landmarks by which to find his way to the gap again.

While thus employed, he heard the shriek of a female voice, sharp, black and piercing. The sound rose up like the cry of a wounded bird, and did not appear to emanate from any great distance from him.

He hastened towards the spot, and soon ascertained that he was on the right track by hearing sounds of altercation.

He distinctly heard a voice exclaim—"Stand back, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you! Stand back, you scoundrel, or I'll fire at you!" A few hasty leaps, and an impetuous burst through an entangled thicket, and he emerged into a glade.

Immediately before him stood a youth in shooting garb, holding a double-barrelled gun ready to raise to his shoulder and level, confronting a shaggy-haired, gipsy-looking fellow, of huge stature, who, with clenched hands, was preparing at all risks to make a spring upon the armed young sportsman.

Upon the green turf, near to the youth, lay in a swoon a young man in a light dress.

The ruffian had paused in his leap as Erle came crashing through the boughs, for he was uncertain whether a friend or an enemy would make an appearance; but when he saw a youth of no greater calibre than the one he was about to attack he laughed coarsely.

The young sportsman cried, excitedly—

"Aha! A friend, I see! My good fellow, raise up this young lady, and carry her away through the glade to the left. I'll come to you presently. Halt before you get far, because I know where to convey her, and you don't."

"Give me the gun," cried Erle, as he seized hold suddenly of the weapon. "You know where to bear her, and who to deliver her up to. I'll keep this fellow at bay until you are safely away; then I'll follow with the gun."

"Bravely said—hurrah!" cried the young sportsman. "I owe you a good turn for this. Stick to him, your keeper will be up in a minute; you can return my gun to him."

All these words were gabbled rather than spoken, and quite as rapidly was the transfer of the double-barrelled gun made.

The young sportsman lifted quickly the prostrate girl in his arms, and hurried off with her.

A glance informed Erle that she had a face of marvellous beauty; but it was blanched as if death had already made his claim.

With an oath the gipsy ruffian moved towards the retreating sportsman, but Erle placed himself with a bound before him.

He raised the gun to his shoulder, and aimed it point blank at the man's head.

"Stay where you are, or I'll give you both barrels in 'the skull,'" he cried, in a firm, determined voice.

The man halted.

"You git out o' my way, or I'll cut thee weasand with my knife," he responded, drawing from his pocket a formidable clasp-knife, which he opened.

"These triggers are quicker than your hand," returned Erle, speaking with cool steadiness. "You put out a foot to approach me; or raise that hand with the knife in it, and by the Supreme Power that made me I'll give you the contents of the gun."

"Dye 'spose I keare for the peppercorns in thee gun?" exclaimed the ruffian, snarling like a dog. "They'll flatten again my head like biled peas again a stone wall. I tried 'em."

"Don't try these," answered Erle, covering the fellow's head with the muzzle of the gun, and speaking without excitement.

"Thee be'est a bold lad, an' I don't want to hurt thee," exclaimed the ruffian, as he caught a glimpse of the fluttering dress of the girl in the arms of the young sportsman disappearing among the thickly clustered tree-stems. "But I tell 'ee what, an' thee don't gi' back, by gosh I'll jump on thee an' cut thee, and slash thee w' knife as I would a varmint, I tell 'ee."

He drew a pace nearer, with his knife clenched in his hand, and crouched as if he intended to wait for the shot and dodge it, and then leap upon the youth and half kill him, before he pursued the young sportsman carrying off his prize.

"Back, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Erle, in a louder and more energetic tone, though by no means exhibiting flurry. "I can hit a titlark on the wing, and if you move an inch nearer I'll blow your eyes out."

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when the fellow ducked down and made a bound towards him, with extraordinary agility and power. He reached him, and grasped at the barrel of the gun, but missed it, as one of the barrels accidentally went off, discharging the shot harmlessly in the air.

The next instant, Erle, however, nimble as himself, was twenty paces from him, and he discharged the remaining barrel full at the ruffian's body. The shot struck him on the breast: two or three buried themselves in his face. He uttered a howl of pain, staggered and fell, but rose in an instant again, for the thickness of his sandy-colored velvet coat prevented the charge from having any further effect than the one above described.

He dashed at Erle, who was, however, prepared for him with the gun clubbed, ready to strike him down with the butt end of it. As the fellow reached him, Erle swung the weapon round his head, and delivered it; but the ruffian, with the agility of a wild cat, escaped the intended blow. As the butt-end of the gun reached the turf he instantly made a spring at him, to bury his knife in his body, but a mound of turf, unseen by him, tripped him up, and he fell heavily on the ground.

At the same moment, a brace of pointers, attracted by the report of the gun, came bounding into the glade, followed by a gamekeeper and a couple of beaters.

The ruffian scrambled up, and exclaimed, between his teeth, as he shook his clenched fist at Erle—

"Keep out o' Kingswood Chace if thee wouldn't ha' slit weasand. I'll kill thee if ever I meet thee alone as sure as moy name be Tubal Kish—that I do!"

Then, with the speed of a deer, he darted off in the opposite direction to that in which the gamekeeper was advancing.

The dogs, as soon as they beheld Erle holding the gun with the stock on the ground, lay down, and in a few seconds more the gamekeeper came up, and Erle briefly related what had taken place.

The gamekeeper, with a look of surprise, took the double-barrel in his hands, and examined it, said—

"Why, it is the young squire's gun."

Then turning to Erle, he asked which way the squire took. Erle pointed it out to him, and the gamekeeper, accompanied by dogs and beaters, hurried away, saying—

"The young master is the one we must follow. Yonder rough will bury himself like a fox in the earth. His must be a keen scent who can unkenkel Tubal Kish when he is once stole away."

Erle, left to the pursuit of his own ruminations, devoted himself to the task of recovering the track to the gap, in which the entrance to the subterranean passage, leading to Kingswood Hall, was situated; and, not without the exercise of skill and consummate patience, discovered it.

He worked his way beneath the brushwood, retraced his steps, fastening the iron door as before, and ultimately he regained his own apartment, having taken sufficient careful notice of particular objects on his return, that he should be able to find his way to the corridor, in connection with his room, without difficulty again. He had not long re-entered his room when he received a summons to attend Lady Kingswood in her boudoir, as she desired to have a little conversation with him. He obeyed the request brought to him by Mrs. Muddlemist, in her usual pompous manner; from which, however, she occasionally departed to give a quick and shivering glance around the room, and an amazing stare at Erle, as though he had performed some unexampled feat, and yet continued to live.

As soon as he was alone with Lady Kingswood, who reclined with a listless, luxurious manner on a rich fauteuil, he found that he had not been cautioned in vain respecting the communications he would be called upon to make, for Lady Kingswood put every variety of questions to him, from delicate suggestions down to rude and abruptly direct queries. His impatient manner, his burning cheeks, though witnessed by her, did not absolve him from her seemingly inexhaustible interrogations.

At last, having extracted all she was likely to obtain, she said, musingly—

"And you really assure me that you are unacquainted with your parents—your extraction, in fact?"

With closed teeth, inflated nostrils and humid eyes, Erle bowed to her.

"You do not, in fact, know who you are?"

Erle drew himself proudly up, and said, in a tone made rich by emotion—

"I am Erle Gower. A name may disgrace as well as elevate. I will not stain the name I bear."

"Romance," murmured Lady Kingswood, gazing steadfastly at him, unable to suppress a feeling of admiration at his handsome, flushed face, and really noble bearing. "By your own argument it is well to have had a father known to the world favorably, for the former possessor of the name of Gower might not have been held in high odor by the honorable."

"And he may have been, madam!" exclaimed Erle, almost fiercely, "else, madam, why am I beneath this roof, or under the protection of Lord Kingswood?"

Lady Kingswood looked at him fixedly. Really, the boy was very handsome and very gentlemanly in his manner and appearance. Would it be possible for him to become attached to her? A young and graceful companion, with a form so elegant and attractive as his, would be highly desirable to one who went so much abroad by herself. Lord Kingswood certainly grew more inattentive to her and more unobscure every day.

Suddenly she remembered that he had spoken, and bending her head towards him, she said—

"I beg your pardon, my thoughts ran away with me—what did you observe?"

"That those to whom I am indebted for my existence could scarcely have been so undistinguished as your ladyship, pardon me, unkindly suggests, or the Lord of Kingswood would surely not take sufficient interest in me to provide for me a home beneath his own roof," he answered, with offended dignity.

Her eyes, as he concluded, flashed fire. She half rose up, with an air of excitement, and said, with severity,

"You have touched a chord there. Lord Kingswood does take an interest in you. Why does he do this?"

"I do not know," he replied, with a lowering brow.

"I appeal to your love of truth, Mr. Gower," she said, urgently; "tell me, I earnestly request you, why does Lord Kingswood take so remarkable an interest in you?"

"Lord Kingswood will himself inform you, madam; I cannot," returned Erle, adding—"I beg that your ladyship will not prolong an interview which you cannot fail to perceive must be very painful to me."

"Hardly less to me, Mr. Gower," she returned, "because you have increased some misgivings and raised others by your inability to give me the information I require. Have you seen Lord Kingswood, to-day?"

"I have received a message from his lordship, but I have not seen him," answered Erle, reluctantly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, half soliloquising. "So, then, he knew where you have been located. Consummate hypocrite!"

Musing for a minute, she presently inquired what message his lordship had sent to him, and he informed her, though he did not mention that he had already taken advantage of the permission to visit the Chace.

"One moment, if you please," she said to him, motioning to him to be seated, for he had not yet, though directed to do so, taken a seat in her presence.

She placed her fair hands to her temples, and gazed upon the fire thoughtfully. She remained some few minutes thus. Then arousing herself, she muttered,

"I will prevail in this!"

She addressed herself to Erle, and smiling upon him with the most winning, fascinating expression she could bring to play upon her features, she said,

"The interest Lord Kingswood takes in you cannot be of a kind to keep you incarcerated in the dreariest part of this dull pile. You will dine with us to-day; I will acquaint Lord Kingswood that it is by my especial desire that you favor us with your company. The second bell will summon you to the drawing-room. If you are in doubt as to its situation, your attendant will conduct you to it. Good morning—Erle—I think you said your Christian name—"

"Erle!" he replied.

"Good morning, Erle!" she exclaimed, turning upon him a glance intended to be enchanting, but which had only the effect of perplexing him.

He bowed low to her, and smiled because she smiled. He hastened from the room, heartily glad to be released.

"He will certainly be an exceedingly handsome man," she murmured, with a sigh, as he departed.

"What a variable woman!" he ejaculated, as he returned to his apartments; "singularly unamiable and rudely inquisitive, yet excessively pleasing in her manner, too, if she so wills it."

Erle dressed for dinner with more care than he had ever before bestowed upon himself. Nothing appeared to satisfy him, even though, according to her indirect promise, Lady Kingswood had sent him a supernumerary valet to assist him at his toilet.

As he arranged and re-arranged himself before the glass, he seemed to feel a pair of exquisitely soft hands pressing on his eyelids; probably that was the reason he could not see himself as he wished to look.

The second bell beat a responsive blow on his heart every peal. Never had he felt so nervous, so little self-possessed before.

Attended by the servant, he descended to the drawing-room, and entering, found a large party assembled. There were elderly men, young men, elderly ladies and young ladies, but not a face he recognised.

Many inquiring eyes were turned upon him; some glances were remorselessly fixed upon him by dowagers. A clergyman, with a kindly look, alone bowed and smiled as he passed, and glided to a recess leading to one of the windows.

He fancied he should be able to stand here alone, unnoticed and unquestioned, and he noiselessly moved into it.

To encounter a pair of deep, lustrous, blue eyes, fixed upon him in amazement—questioning, half tempted, half-gratified amazement.

Here alone, unnoticed but by himself, stood the fair owner of the soft, small fingers, and the silvery, musical voice.

What was he to do—what was he to say? He had not been introduced to her; he did not know who she was; he was quite convinced that she could have no idea of his identity.

He felt this: his eyes, large and handsome, fastened themselves with an earnest look upon hers, but his lips refused to utter a word. He bowed timidly, and she responded timidly, too. Her cheek crimsoned, her brow became roseate. She turned her face to the window, and it became white as death.

She turned again her eyes upon him. Not unkindly, very far from that was the look: but appealingly, as though to remind him not to mention how they had first met.

She seemed as if she would speak. Then, as if unable to withstand the brilliancy of his eyes—their expression was soft and dreamy, too—she turned away again, and gazed out of the window.

As she did this, she pulled the leaves from the flowers of a beautiful bouquet she held in her hand to pieces, and they lay like snow-flakes upon the floor.

At this moment there was a slight buzz and a stir among the folks near them. A pleasant laugh replied to some warm and friendly observations, and the fair young creature turned her eyes smilingly, with evident pleasure, in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

"Cousin Cyril!" she murmured, audibly, and with unmistakable satisfaction.

A shade passed over Erle's face, and a pang went through his heart.

"Another moment and Cyril was at their side."

"Ha, sweet little coz!" he exclaimed, with a tone of joyfulness, "I have not seen you the whole day—I have been in despair; do I not look ill?"

"I never saw you looking better or happier, Cyril," she replied, smiling, and speaking in a tone Erle thought far too tender, though she did happen to be his cousin.

As she concluded, her cousin Cyril gallantly raised her hand to his lips. As he released it he turned to encounter Erle, who had witnessed the action with a feeling of impatient annoyance.

Each recognised the other in a moment. Cyril, with an unequivocal expression of surprise spreading over his features, held out his hand, to which Erle instinctively responded, and he felt his own pressed with warmth.

"My brave friend of this morning!" ejaculated Cyril, with ardor. "How glorious that we should meet here!" He suddenly lowered his voice. "Not a word about the adventure in the Chace. We will discuss that when we are alone." Then, resuming his natural tone, he continued, "You are a guest here—that is evident; but it is strange that I should not know you. Pardon me, to whom have I the honor, as well as the pleasure, of speaking?"

Before Erle could answer, a silvery voice, proceeding from one immediately behind him, cried quickly,

"Mr. Gower, Mr. Gower!"

He turned, and beheld, almost at his elbow, Lady Kingswood, magnificently dressed. She made a gesture for him to come to her side.

At this instant dinner was announced, and her ladyship, in a manner far more affable than condescending, said to Erle,

"Mr. Gower, will you favor me with your arm?"

Erle started, and as he rapidly glanced round the assembly he perceived that every eye was fastened upon him with an expression of amazement.

Flushed and embarrassed, he hastily tendered his arm to her ladyship, who at once placed her small, gloved hand upon it.

In their rear, some one pressed up, and in a voice which formed its sound through clenched teeth, exclaimed,

"Lady Kingswood!"

They both turned. Before them they beheld Lord Kingswood, livid with rage. He pointed to a tall individual of distinguished appearance near to him, wearing very long and ample fair moustaches, and possessing very dreamy eyes. His lordship whispered to his wife,

"The Marquis of Chillingham will—"

Lady Kingswood's eyes fluttered, she half closed them, and addressing her husband in cold, measured tones, she said,

"I can hardly have misinterpreted your lordship's wishes. If I have, permit me to express my regret. It is too late to alter the present arrangement. Lady Maud will, with pleasure, accept the honor the marquis designed for your humble servant. Adieu, Mr. Gower."

She bent to Lord Kingswood, and marched off with Erle, sweeping along with a proud bearing, though she turned and spoke to her young and embarrassed companion in a low, confidential tone, rendering him yet more confused and uncomfortable, and inducing all who observed her ladyship's behavior to whisper to each other, in a spirit of curiosity and amazement.

"Who is he?"

CHAPTER V.

He caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really did not take amiss:
In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong external motive; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was naught to pique.—Byron.

The dinner at Kingswood Manor was to have been a very brilliant affair. Actuated by high political motives, Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood, had forwarded invitations to all the people of wealth and influence residing within ten miles of the estate, and the invitation had, in nearly every instance, been responded to by the personal presence of those thus specially favored. For he it understood it was considered in the country a high favor to be entertained by special invite at the table of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood.

Among those thus assembled were the Stafforths, of Hooke, descendants of one of the oldest families in the country—the squire, his lady and son—three quaint, old-fashioned looking people. Solemn were they in aspect, stiff and starchy in manner, extremely reserved in speech, and seemed in fact, to be converted into stone statues by an excessive sense of their own dignity. Looking at them, it was difficult to say which was oldest, the son or father, or the mother of the son. They all possessed large, golden, hazel eyes, which every now and then they proudly hid from view, by dropping their capacious eyelids over them. Altogether they resembled three owls seated in gloomy majesty, and admirably represented the antiquity of their origin.

In strong contrast to the Stafforths, of Hooke, were the Cottons, of Dursley Court, who were a family of a very new creation. That is to say, Ebenezer Cotton, the paterfamilias, could, in common with the rest of his species, trace his lineage down through Noah to Adam; but it was a species of inquiry he had no desire to enter upon, as his immediate progenitor was not known to the eagerly inquiring parish authorities who brought him up in infancy, and turned him, while yet a child, into a factory. He was an instance of what may be accomplished by persevering and indomitable energy and enterprise, and what may be achieved by paying small wages and gaining large profits. Once a parish boy, he was now a merchant prince, and proprietor of Dursley Court, which he had bought for two hundred thousand pounds. There was a brisk uprightness about his manner, while his wife and the two Miss Cottons kept whispering and giggling with each other at the staid appearance of the old, old Stafforths. There was the Vicar of Kingswood and his lady; Mr. Spofforth Wilks, a rising barrister, prepared to talk any one out of their mind at a moment's notice; Mr. Chisellall, Member of Parliament for Tutbury; Sir Walter Avon, of Hawksbury, and his son Philip, together with many others it would add nothing to the interest of this tale to mention, save that they were all invited to further certain political views entertained by Lord Kingswood.

They were also invited to meet the Marquis of Chillingham. The marquis was an influential minister and a member of the cabinet. It was in his power to largely promote the political advancement of Lord Kingswood, and in short, almost to secure the aim of his ambition.

Lord Kingswood was therefore exceedingly anxious that the marquis should be received and treated with the greatest possible deference and respect. The singular conduct of Lady Kingswood consequently filled him with inexpressible chagrin and rage.

It was not possible for him under the extraordinary circumstances to alter the arrangement made by Lady Kingswood in respect to the occupation of the post of honor at the table, and he was obliged to make the best he could of the *contre-temps*, besides concealing the mortification he suffered. He was very profuse in his attentions to the marquis, who received them coldly but with dignity. Lord Kingswood thought little of this, because it was the accustomed manner of the marquis; but his brow lowered and he bit his lip, as he observed the dull, blue eyes of the marquis settle first upon Erle, then upon Lady Kingswood, and perceived, at the same time, a slight elevation of his eyebrows, followed by a satirical smile, faintly curling his upper lip.

Lord Kingswood followed the marquis to the dining-room, almost dragging the stately Mistress Stafforth, of Hooke, to whom he had given his arm, with him in his eagerness to speak to the marquis as they approached the dining-room.

"Her ladyship, you perceive, my lord marquis," he whispered, "preserves her wayward wilfulness—a peculiarity I fancy your lordship has already observed and commented upon with your accustomed amiable consideration."

The marquis exhibited an even row of white teeth, the perfection of the dentist's art, and then speaking as though he was suffering from a slight affection of the throat, which compelled him to enunciate thickly, though not hoarsely, he said:

"It is, I presume, her ladyship's prerogative—nay, surely that of every lady, especially the young; am I not right, Lady Maud?" he added, addressing the beautiful young girl whose fingers rested upon his arm.

Lady Maud dropped her eyes and smiled, but made no reply. The marquis thus soliloquized, certainly not in an undertone, as his lustreless eye once more settled on the form of Erle.

"Really a handsome well-formed young fellow that upon whose arm Lady Kingswood is now leaning, with quite a distinguished air, too. Who is he, Kingswood?" he inquired abruptly of his lordship.

A pair of bright though timid eyes were bent upon Erle, as the marquis referred to him. Perhaps the fingers so lightly resting upon his coat-sleeve trembled, perhaps a rising blush tinged the cheek of the fair young Lady Maud, and no doubt a strange throbbing of the heart accompanied her involuntary anxiety to catch Lord Kingswood's answer.

Lord Kingswood blushed too, but not slightly; a scarlet hue suffused his cheek, and he was visibly embarrassed; not the less so because he perceived that Lady Maud glanced up at his face as if curious to hear his reply.

"A—my lord marquis, he is a—a—an orphan," he stammered, "the son of a friend—a—I might say a relative of—"

"Her ladyship's," suggested the marquis, in a dry, sarcastic tone.

"A—no—no—yes—yes, my lord marquis," he stammered.

"In short, a family secret, Kingswood!" observed the marquis, dropping his voice.

"A family secret, my lord!" returned Lord Kingswood, in a low, sharp, emphatic whisper, intended evidently to close the subject of conversation.

Lord Kingswood glanced at the face of the Lady Maud as he passed her to take his post at the table, but though her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were downcast, he fancied, as he hoped, that she had not heeded his brief conversation with the marquis.

Nevertheless not a word had escaped her. As the company thronged into the dining-room, Lord Kingswood turned his eyes in the direction of his wife and saw her at her accustomed place, standing with Erle Gower at her side.

Her face was turned towards the door, and a triumphant smile passed over her features as her eye met her husband's disturbed and mortified glance. He in an instant detected that she expected the approach of the noble guest, intending to invite him to a seat near to her. He was exceedingly anxious that the Marquis of Chillingham should not occupy that seat, and he turned to give some instructions to his butler, to conduct his noble and distinguished visitor to a place upon his own right hand.

He was too late; Lady Kingswood had caught the eye of the marquis as he entered; a gesture exceedingly slight was sufficient, without the intervention and the profound and frequent inflections of that awful dignitary the butler, who bowed only to high nobility—who had been already instructed by his mistress to act quite contrary to the wish of Lord Kingswood. The marquis, still conducting Lady Maud, advanced to her ladyship's end of the table, and placed himself, at her request, upon her right hand.

Erle, silent, reserved, a sad expression on his face, yet with a proud bearing outwardly, though inwardly embarrassed, took, by her ladyship's direction, his seat upon her left hand. Lady Maud occupied the seat next to him.

Cyril Kingswood, full of life and animation, was placed near to his father, and between the two giggling Miss Cottons, whose dresses were blazing with diamonds, which a princess might have envied them the possession of. The other guests were disposed according to pre-arrangement.

And so the dinner commenced.

Lord Kingswood had intended to make political capital out of this entertainment. He was in an eminent degree master of the art of conversation. Well educated and well read, he was able to impart information and knowledge with ease and fluency. He possessed much grace of manner, and when he desired to captivate his hearers, his voice assumed a mellow tone, his face wore a winning smile, his deportment became courteous and affable; he listened patiently and attentively to whatever remarks were addressed to him; and if he wished to enforce his own views, he did so by skillfully attaching much value to the opinion he opposed, but supported his own case by elaborate arguments, insinuated rather than logically propounded.

Never had he more desired to shine, never did he feel himself so completely obscured by circumstances as unexpected as they were inconceivable. The unbidden guest was the spectre at his board, who drove all other thoughts out of his brain. Macbeth was never so disturbed by the appearance of Banquo at his feast, as Lord Kingswood was at the presence of the pale, haughty-looking boy, who sat with silent dignity by the side of his wife, the "observed of all observers."

It was in vain that his lordship endeavored to display marked attention to the solemnly dreary Stafforths, to be complaisant with the merchant prince, to be respectful to the clergyman, argumentative to the barrister, chatty with Sir Walter Avon, and agreeable to all. He could not keep his eyes from wandering incessantly in the direction of Lady Kingswood, or from watching Erle Gower, or making efforts to catch the expression upon the face of the Marquis of Chillingham, as conversing with Lady Kingswood, he kept his dull blue eyes continually fixed upon Erle's face.

Sick at heart, confused by the disturbed thoughts and suspicions which rushed through his brain, Lord Kingswood found himself several times replying incoherently to observations made to him by some of his guests, or talking at random on subjects which occasional fits of sudden and profound abstraction had prevented him from comprehending. Thus lacking the vivacity and animation necessary to infuse a spirit of cheerfulness and ease into the minds of his visitors, the conversation soon began to flag and to subside into subdued conversation, each with his neighbor, and then into silence. An air of restraint prevailed, and there was not one present who did not feel it or wonder at the cause.

If Erle had a consolation under his embarrassing position, it was that he was seated next to the fair young Lady Maud.

He had been favorably impressed with her face and form in their first brief and remarkable interview, and now that he beheld her in a blaze of light, her charms aided by all that fashion, taste and elegant attire could contribute, it is easy to comprehend that his good opinion was considerably heightened.

It was not her loveliness, however, that attracted him. There was a soft, gentle expression in her kind, beaming eyes, and a sweetness and amiability shining in her countenance, which drew his heart towards her.

He had been almost instantaneous, struck by a conviction that when he came to know her they should be hereafter friends, and that, however coldly or harshly all the world might treat him, he should find in her one tender, sympathizing and sincere.

It has been asserted that there is no friend to man so kind, so real, so true as woman. Erle believed, he knew not why, that whatever acquaintances he might hereafter form among his own sex, no such friend would be met with as the fair young Lady Maud.

As he sat by her side and thought of this, his heart beat fast and his hands trembled. Nevertheless, had his presence at this dinner been a far severer ordeal, his pains and trials would have been more than compensated by the bliss he felt by sitting side by side with this sweet and beautiful girl.

He had no thought of love; he had read of such a passion, heard of it, seen country examples down shady lanes or retired by-ways, but only saw on its evidences two folks of opposite sexes, who looked pretty much as if they were sulking with each other, and were altogether very unwell. It never occurred to him that he might fall in love with her and become very unwell too.

His general idea was a close, sincere and sympathizing friendship; he wished himself her brother—no, not exactly a brother—a cousin. Yes, a cousin—that affinity would have been enough to place them on very pleasant friendly terms, and heartily he wished that he was cousin Cyril.

A feeling of pain and discontent shot through his breast as it occurred to him that he was not, and he turned his eyes in the direction in which cousin Cyril sat. He expected—he could not have informed himself why—to have found the eyes of Cyril glaring wrathfully upon him, but he perceived, on the contrary, that he was full of glee and life, affording great amusement to the Miss Cottons, who smirked and laughed, and felt themselves, under the influence of his direct attentions, to be in great force. Cyril, it was evident, did not feel discomfort or disturbance at the close proximity of Erle to his cousin, Lady Maud, and Erle experienced a feeling of relief at this discovery. He began to think that he liked cousin Cyril better than he did when first they met.

While this thought was passing through his mind, he became conscious that he was the object upon which a pair of fierce, dark, glittering eyes were fastened with a sinister as well as an inquisitive expression.

On detecting this he returned the gaze with a full, fixed look, his own clear, intelligent eyes courting, as it were, examination and inquiry. The dark eyes slowly fell beneath the direct attack to which they were subjected, and then Erle turned his own upon the face of Lady Maud, to find her sweet, enchanting orbs also perusing his face with steadfast attention.

What a profound though voiceless eloquence the eye discourses!

What need of words, when a language so ardent and earnest can be employed without speech? If there be an electric communication in the touch, how much more rapid, thrilling, powerful in its effects is the electric spark darted from eye to eye!

Erle felt, as the lustrous, earnest gaze of Lady Maud met his own, an emotion pass through his breast such as he had never in his life before experienced.

He saw nothing but her liquid, luminous eyes fixed on his own with an admiring, dreamy expression, painful from the very intensity of felicity it created.

It was the first fond, delicious sensation that had ever, like a gleam of sunshine, penetrated his sad heart. It was the blissful sense of the existence at last of one being in the world who might care for him—some one who would rejoice in his happiness or grieve at his afflictions. It drew a deep sigh from his throbbing breast.

He perceived that Lady Maud received the renewal of his, perhaps, rather too eager gaze with downcast eyes, but he also saw the eloquent tell-tale blood rise up in her fair face, and tint, with rose-bloom, her alabaster forehead.

He wished to speak, for he knew her thoughts were of him, but, not usually at a loss for utterance, he felt now bereft of words. Not a topic that he could consider worthy of introducing to her could he think of, although he cast about far and wide for one, for he was very, very solicitous to discourse with her.

A theme was, however, found him by the owner of those dark eyes which had previously vexed him by their prying, malevolent aspect. They were now turned upon him again, this time with a wrathful, menacing expression, which he retorted with a glance of proud defiance, and they were then withdrawn from him with a scorn which promised a rancorous enmity.

He curled his upper lip in disdain, and, turning his face to Lady Maud, he said, in a low tone,

"I am unfortunately situated, Lady Maud, in being an utter stranger to every one present, save to yourself."

Lady Maud raised her eyes with some surprise, and responded, in accents of a timid character,

"Save to me, sir?"

"Perhaps I am saying too much in making that observation," he answered in an undertone; "yet, by a happy accident, the remembrance of which I shall always welcome with pleasure, our first meeting was one of less reserve than usually occurs between strangers."

Lady Maud blushed to the temples once more, yet she could not help smiling, and Erle saw at a glance that the recurrence to the incident had not offended her, even though she made no reply.

"We have not been introduced, Lady Maud," he continued, in the same low tone. "Lady Kingswood has omitted to present me to you, and Lord Kingswood, so occupied by the presence of his guests,

has, I presume, forgotten to do so. Yet, by my position at this table, you can easily understand that I possess no ordinary claim to sit where I do, and I do assure you, Lady Maud, I possess even yet more powerfully, a hope that you will consider me to have some title to your condescension. I am most solicitous to be at least on speaking terms with you. Will you so far honor me by permitting me to introduce myself?"

Certainly he had no occasion to be dissatisfied with the ready bow of assent Lady Maud returned to his request.

With a voice that slightly trembled, he said,

"My name is Erle Gower. I am—" He stopped short; he remembered Lord Kingswood's injunction, as well as Ishmael's counsel to be discreet. His face crimsoned, and he displayed for a moment the greatest possible embarrassment. Lady Maud observed it, and hardly knowing what she said, being animated by a desire to relieve his confusion, supplied the sentence which he had left unspoken. She exclaimed, hastily,

"You are a family secret!"

Erle became at once as white as marble, and bowed, without uttering a word.

(To be continued.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To Correspondents.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. T., Rochester.—All that seems so difficult to you now will be as simple as possible after you have familiarized yourself with the great fundamental principles of the game. Take the trouble to master these first, and the rest will come easy; otherwise you will merely learn piecemeal, and never grasp the whole science of the game.

MAKER SHOT.—This term is applied to a shot which is made by striking the ball with the cue held in a perpendicular position. It takes its name from the player who invented it.

R., St. Joseph, Mo.—The balls used in France are 2½ inches in diameter.

JOHNSON, Wilmington, Del.—The shot is fair. It is always better to make all stipulations in an unmistakable manner before the game is commenced, and then there can be no disputes.

F. M., Harrisburg.—Foul.

QUINCY, St. Louis.—"Break" is the position in which the balls are left after a shot has been made.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

ARRANGEMENTS are nearly completed for converting the upper saloon of the Union Square Billiard Rooms (the same where the recent tournament was held) into a room for the exclusive use of ladies wishing to learn and practise the beautiful game of billiards. Ladies will find one of their own sex to wait on them and attend to their wants. We are assured that this experiment will meet with the success we think it deserves, and we hope in time to see every well-conducted billiard-saloon graced by the presence of the fair sex.

BILLIARDS AND RACKET.—Subsequent to the presentation of the tournament prizes, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 2, the recipients, accompanied by a select party of friends, repaired, by invitation of the proprietor, Henry Venn, to the Racket Court, 384 Bowery. Arrived here, Professor "Billy" played two games of rackets for their amusement, and won both games, though contending each time with two remarkably fine players. Billy is certainly the Berger of rackets. After partaking of a bountiful collation, assisted during the process by "Piper," Messrs. Tieman and Kavanagh played a game of billiards, 250 points up, which Mr. Tieman won by 6 points. Between the racket-players and the billiard-players, the pleasure seemed to be mutual, each being delighted with each other's game.

MR. A.—, an amateur, who has a Phelan table in his private mansion, made, in three consecutive games, lately played on a French carom table, at Phelan's rooms, the large runs of 79, 101 and 111 points. The game was his four ball carom, and the runs were remarkable for an amateur.

BILLIARDS FOR LADIES.—M. Berger gave an exhibition to a select party of ladies and gentlemen at the Union Square Rooms on Monday afternoon. Among those present were the lady representatives of some of our first New York families, whose names in learned and commercial and artistic spheres are world-known. The celebrated American tragedienne was among those who honored the occasion with her presence, and joined with the other ladies in expressing the pleasure with which she witnessed the exhibition of M. Berger's talent. Miss Cushman was also highly pleased with the new Berger Table, with Phelan's cushions, manufactured by Phelan & Colender, on which M. Berger played on this occasion. Miss Cushman expressed her desire of having one manufactured to take to Rome with her. Many of the distinguished ladies present are excellent players, and showed their scientific appreciation of the shots executed. The exhibition commenced with a game of 100 points with the champion of the billiard tournament, Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, in which M. Berger was the winner by 53 points. M. Berger then played with Mr. Phelan a game of 50 points; which he won by 20 points. The execution of a number of M. Berger's celebrated fancy shots concluded the entertainment. Exhibitions for ladies and gentlemen were given on the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday.

AMATEUR MATCH.—A most interesting match took place on the evening of Monday, the 12th inst., at Lynch's Rooms, between two gentlemen, members of the New York Club, one of the first societies of gentlemen in the United States, and which has done much to popularize billiards in our first circles. The game was 1,000 points up, on a Phelan carom table, and was very closely contested, the players passing and repassing each other twenty times during its course. It was finally won by Mr. A., by 55 points over his opponent, Mr. B.

BILLIARDS IN THE CITY.—The following is a schedule of the public games played by M. Berger since our last, with their results:

Game.	Berger's bet.	Opponent's bet.	Won by.
Mr. A., dis..... 100	25	4	61 Berger.
Mr. B., dis..... 100	30	7	80 "
Mr. C., dis..... 100	18	5	70 "
Mr. D., dis..... 100	10	6	71 "
Mr. Phelan..... 100	63	6	78 "

Beside the exhibitions especially designed for ladies and gentlemen, which we have mentioned above, M. Berger gave six farewell evening exhibitions in his usual room at Phelan's, previous to his departure for Boston on Monday of this week. M. Berger will remain a week in Boston, and will be accompanied on his trip by Mr. Phelan. On their return, Messrs. B. and P. will call at Providence, R. I. The new Berger Table, manufactured by Phelan & Colender, will be used by M. Berger during his tour through the United States. M. Berger expresses himself delighted with the new table, of which our daily contemporary, the *World*, says: "A new table was used for the first time, which has been made by Messrs. Phelan & Colender, after the model of M. Berger's, and measures ten feet by five feet. It is without pockets, and just suitable for the French three ball carom game, which is becoming quite fashionable, and likely to supersede the American four ball pocket game to a considerable extent. The table does credit to American skill, and will be used by M. Berger in his tour through the United States instead of his own."

BILLIARDS AT NEBRASKA.—One of Phelan & Colender's first class billiard-tables has just been set up in Mr. Magee's Saloon, Nebraska City.

A SCENE AT PHELAN'S.—This is the title of a stereoscopic photographic group presented to us by Mr. C. J. Fox, 681 Broadway, comprising full length portraits of Messrs. Langer, Phelan, Kavanagh, Tieman, Lynch and White. The group is excellent and the likenesses admirable. It reflects the highest credit on the artist, Mr. Fox.

HEAT IN THE RED SEA.

HOLMES says that the wise and observant men of his day had remarked that when the heat was very great in the Red Sea it was either "the forerunner of the plague or else dismal wars." If so the following extract from the *Malta Times*, of October 18th, prognosticates the great war foretold by George Canning:

"From accounts related by the passengers by the Colombo from Suez, it would appear that the heat in the Red Sea has been more than ordinarily oppressive. Not fewer than three deaths occurred on board, caused entirely by the frightful temperature, one of which was that of the Captain-General of Manilla, General Macarhon, already reported. The body was preserved in spirits and sent on shore at Aden, with the General's family, for the purpose of being conveyed back to Spain. The second death was that of J. M. Laren, Esq., managing agent and engineer of the Labuan Coal Company. The third was that of a young lady. A perfect panic occurred on board, as sixteen of the passengers were prostrated by the heat, and not expected to survive. So great were their sufferings that Captain Dunn, in order to afford some relief to them, lay the ship some time broadside to the light north wind, and then made a course back to Suez, by which means the breeze was enabled to make its way through the open ports, and cool the heated cabins and saloon. We hear that the company intend for the future to provide ventilating fans worked by the engine, for the purpose of forcing a stream of cool air through the saloons and cabins below, during the very trying passage through the Red Sea."

he could not tell. As the Manor turret clock struck midnight, Erle suddenly sat up in his bed, his eyes wide open and fixed. He stepped lightly on the floor, and walked across the apartment, as though pursuing some object.

He entered the sitting-room with the same slow, measured pace, still as if in pursuit, and passed before an open door, situated in a remote corner of the apartment. Then he clasped his hands upon his temples, uttered a low cry, and fell on the floor as though bereft of life.

CHAPTER IV.

Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Nice joined, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Inte-tine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adversus and turbulent.—Milton.

As the turret-bell, with a deep and sonorous tone, chimed the hour of one, Erle sprang from his prostrate position to his feet, and gazed wildly around him.

His lips moved rapidly, and gave utterance to incoherent words, those alone audible being,

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
Shall toil and fight,
In sorrow and pain,
Till he solves the wonder of Kingswood Chaco."

It seemed as if the repetition of the words recalled to him a consciousness of his position. He covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then looked once more slowly and earnestly around him.

The decaying wood embers threw a flickering glare upon the quaint, grim old furniture, and caused them to look more grotesque and ghastly than in the daylight. He was some little while before he could realize his situation, and then, drawing a long breath, he murmured,

"I have been dreaming. But, merciful Heaven, what a horrid dream!" A shivering fit seized him, and hurrying to his bed-chamber, he divested himself of his attire, and buried himself beneath the clothes.

Out of an unrefreshing sleep, disturbed by wild and feverish dreams, he was awakened by Lord Kingswood's valet, a dark, sal-low-faced looking individual, excellent, no doubt, in his capacity, but by no means attractive in his personal appearance.

He was precisely one of those individuals into whose arms nobody, especially the softer sex, would feel disposed to rush with enthusiasm. He had a long visage, beetling brows, and shifty, restless black eyes.

Erle naturally frowned as this visage presented itself on opening his eyes to his gaze, even though its owner had done him the service of waking him from a distracting dream, and without a word, inquired by a glance why he had aroused him.

The man replied as if questioned.

"By the orders of my Lord Kingswood, I awaken you to inform you that it is his lordship's wish—and it is understood here that his wishes are commands—that for the present you will confine yourself scrupulously to the apartments you at present occupy. There are guests at the manor, and his lordship deems it advisable, that until their departure you should remain secluded in your chamber. Every attention to your comfort will be paid. I am instructed to control that arrangement. His lordship will shortly pay you a visit, and hopes to find you contented and obedient."

Erle gazed with indignant eyes upon him.

"What?" he cried, "am I to be detained here a prisoner?"

"There will be no objection on his lordship's part to your indulging yourself with a walk in the Chaco," returned the valet, with an offensive superciliousness of tone. "But you will proceed to it by a communication which leads from a door at the end of the adjoining corridor. It has not been used for many, many years. His lordship alone keeps possession of the key; here it is. He entrusts it to you, but it must not leave your custody. Shall I convey to his lordship that you readily assent to his wishes?"

"To his commands," responded Erle, with a curling lip. "You will inform his lordship that I must perforce comply, as for the present I cannot help myself."

The valet raised his eyes with a sinister look, and with the habitual bow, he disappeared.

It was daylight, the sky was blue, and the air without seemed frosty. Erle rose at once, and hastily attired himself, and entered the sitting-room.

As he advanced to the centre, his eyes fell upon the oaken door, in the furthest corner of the room.

He started, and placed his hand to his forehead with a confused manner. After a few minutes' thought, he muttered,

"A dream, but how singular—how terrible!"

He approached the window, but the gardens and pleasure-grounds were not visible, and the figure of that young girl, whose touch, the day before, had thrilled every nerve in his frame, was not to be seen in any direction, nor that of any other human being either.

He ate his solitary breakfast, which he found prepared for him, but no attendant remained to wait upon him, so he partook of it sparingly, and under a most painful sense of loneliness. He quickly grew restless and impatient, and the sight of the key, which Lord Kingswood's valet had given to him, resting on the table where the man had thrown it, determined him to take advantage of the permission given to him to visit the Chaco.

The door at the end of the corridor was quickly found, and as quickly, though not without difficulty, unlocked. Erle saw before him a staircase, which ascended as well as descended, but he took little note of it, and closing the door behind him, he proceeded, aided by a very dim and uncertain light, down a worn, narrow stone staircase, with a rude iron railing for banisters. He continued his descent until he fancied the stairs were interminable; but it was not until he found himself in utter darkness that he halted.

His first impulse was to retrace his steps, his second to proceed. It seemed improbable that the valet had given erroneous directions to him. Besides, he had read that these old places had curious modes of communication with the outer precincts, and no doubt the present way of entrance to the Chaco remained as when built some hundreds of years previously. He therefore continued groping his way, until he at length reached the bottom.

Before him, shining in the darkness, upon a level with his eyes, there appeared to be a glittering diamond. The next instant the illusion passed away, and he decided that he there perceived the outlet to the Chaco.

He hurried along still—save the small light from the aperture—in utter darkness, over uneven, damp and slimy ground, until he was rewarded by the object of his search. A massive iron door, pierced with circular holes, crossed protectively by small bars of iron, opposed his further progress; but his key, when applied to the lock of this iron-door, after repeated trials of his utmost strength, turned it; there remained two massive bolts to remove. One more powerful exertion of his muscular strength, and he succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to squeeze through the space, narrow as it was. He then found himself in a gap, choked with an undergrowth of brushwood and shrubs.

He looked upwards, and found the branches of tall trees spread high above him, intervening between the earth and sky. He forced his way through the entangled mass of briar, thorn and gorse, and he stood fairly and freely in a copse forming part of Kingswood Chaco.

Everywhere around him grew trees forming alleys and vistas, leading in all directions of the compass. Already acquainted with the precautions necessary to be taken in forest ramblings, he attentively regarded the form and character of the tree nearest to the gap, and the position of the sun, and commenced cutting notches in the nearest trees, and sticking pieces of paper on straggling twigs, as landmarks by which to find his way to the gap again.

While thus employed, he heard the shriek of a female voice, sharp, quick and piercing. The sound rose up like the cry of a wounded bird, and did not appear to emanate at any great distance from him.

He hastened towards the spot, and soon ascertained that he was on the right track by hearing sounds of altercation.

He distinctly heard a voice exclaim—"Stand back, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you! Stand back, you scoundrel, or I'll fire at you!"

A few hasty leaps, and an impetuous burst through an entangled thicket, and he emerged into a glade.

Immediately before him stood a youth in shooting garb, holding a double-barrelled gun ready to raise to his shoulder and level, confronting a shaggy-haired, gipsy-looking fellow, of huge stature, who, with clenched hands, was preparing at all risks to make a spring upon the armed young sportsman.

Upon the green turf, near to the youth, lay in a swoon a young man in a light dress.

The ruffian had paused in his leap as Erle came crashing through the boughs, for he was uncertain whether a friend or an enemy would make an appearance; but when he saw a youth of no greater calibre than the one he was about to attack he laughed coarsely.

The young sportsman cried, excitedly—

"Aha! A friend, I see! My good fellow, raise up this young lady, and carry her away through the glade to the left. I'll come to you presently. Halt before you get far, because I know where to convey her, and you don't."

"Give me the gun," cried Erle, as he seized hold suddenly of the weapon. "You know where to bear her, and who to deliver her up to. I'll keep this fellow at bay until you are safely away; then I'll follow with the gun."

"Bravely said—hurrah!" cried the young sportsman. "I owe you a good turn for this. Stick to him, our keeper will be up in a minute; you can return my gun to him."

All these words were gabbled rather than spoken, and quite as rapidly was the transfer of the double-barrelled gun made.

The young sportsman lifted quickly the prostrate girl in his arms, and hurried off with her.

A glance informed Erle that she had a face of marvellous beauty; but it was blanched as if death had already made his claim.

With an oath the gipsy ruffian moved towards the retreating sportsman, but Erle placed himself with a bound before him.

He raised the gun to his shoulder, and aimed it point blank at the man's head.

"Stay where you are, or I'll give you both barrels in 'the skull,'" he cried, in a firm, determined voice.

The man halted.

"You git out o' my way, or I'll cut thee weasand with my knife," he responded, drawing from his pocket a formidable clasp-knife, which he opened.

"These triggers are quicker than your hand," returned Erle, speaking with cool steadiness. "You put out a foot to approach me; or raise that hand with the knife in it, and by the Supreme Power that made me I'll give you the contents of the gun."

"D'y'e a'pose I keare for the peppercorns in thee gun?" exclaimed the ruffian, snarling like a dog. "They'll flatten again my head like biled peas again a stone wall. I tried 'em."

"Don't try these," answered Erle, covering the fellow's head with the muzzle of the gun, and speaking without excitement.

"Thee be'st a bold lad, an' I don't want to hurt thee," exclaimed the ruffian, as he caught a glimpse of the fluttering dress of the girl in the arms of the young sportsman disappearing among the thickly clustered tree-stems. "But I tell 'ee what, an' thee don't gi' back, by gosh I'll jump on thee an' cut thee, and slash thee w' knife as I would a varmint, I tell 'ee."

He drew a pace nearer, with his knife clenched in his hand, and crouched as if he intended to wait for the shot and dodge it, and then leap upon the youth and half kill him, before he pursued the young sportsman carrying off his prize.

"Back, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Erle, in a louder and more energetic tone, though by no means exhibiting flurry. "I can hit a titlark on the wing, and if you move an inch nearer I'll blow your eyes out."

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when the fellow ducked down and made a bound towards him, with extraordinary agility and power. He reached him, and grasped at the barrel of the gun, but missed it, as one of the barrels accidentally went off, discharging the shot harmlessly in the air.

The next instant, Erle, however, nimble as himself, was twenty paces from him, and he discharged the remaining barrel full at the ruffian's body. The shots struck him on the breast: two or three buried themselves in his face. He uttered a howl of pain, staggered and fell, but rose in an instant again, for the thickness of his muddy-colored velvet coat prevented the charge from having any further effect than the one above described.

He dashed at Erle, who was, however, prepared for him with the gun clubbed, ready to strike him down with the butt end of it. As the fellow reached him, Erle swung the weapon round his head, and delivered it; but the ruffian, with the agility of a wild cat, escaped the intended blow. As the butt-end of the gun reached the turf he instantly made a spring at him, to bury his knife in his body, but a mound of turf, unseen by him, tripped him up, and he fell heavily on the ground.

At the same moment, a brace of pointers, attracted by the report of the gun, came bounding into the glade, followed by a gamekeeper and a couple of beaters.

The ruffian scrambled up, and exclaimed, between his teeth, as he shook his clenched fist at Erle—

"Keep out o' Kingswood Chaco if thee wouldn't ha' slit weasand. I'll kill thee if ever I meet thee alone as sure as my name be Tubal Kish—that fool."

Then, with the speed of a deer, he darted off in the opposite direction to that in which the gamekeeper was advancing.

The dogs, as soon as they beheld Erle holding the gun with the stock on the ground, lay down, and in a few seconds more the gamekeeper came up, and Erle briefly related what had taken place.

The gamekeeper, with a look of surprise, took the double-barrel in his hands, and examined it, said—

"Why, it is the young squire's gun."

Then turning to Erle, he asked which way the squire took. Erle pointed it out to him, and the gamekeeper, accompanied by dogs and beaters, hurried away, saying—

"The young master is the one we must follow. Yonder rough will bury himself like a fox in the earth. His must be a keen scent who can unkenel Tubal Kish when he is once stole away."

Erle, left to the pursuit of his own ruminations, devoted himself to the task of recovering the track to the gap, in which the entrance to the subterranean passage, leading to Kingswood Hall, was situated; and, not without the exercise of skill and consummate patience, discovered it.

He worked his way beneath the brushwood, retraced his steps, fastening the iron door as before, and ultimately he regained his own apartment, having taken sufficient careful notice of particular objects on his return, that he should be able to find his way to the corridor, in connection with his room, without difficulty again. He had not long re-entered his room when he received a summons to attend Lady Kingswood in her boudoir, as she desired to have a little conversation with him. He obeyed the request brought to him by Mrs. Muddlemist, in her usual pompous manner; from which, however, she occasionally departed to give a quick and shivering glance around the room, and an amazing stare at Erle, as though he had performed some unexampled feat, and yet continued to live.

As soon as he was alone with Lady Kingswood, who reclined with a listless, luxurious manner on a rich *fauvel*, he found that he had not been cautioned in vain respecting the communications he would be called upon to make, for Lady Kingswood put every variety of questions to him, from delicate suggestions down to rude and abruptly direct queries. His impatient manner, his burning cheeks, though witnessed by her, did not absolve him from her seemingly inexhaustible interrogations.

At last, having extracted all she was likely to obtain, she said, musingly—

"And you really assure me that you are unacquainted with your parents—your extraction, in fact?"

With closed teeth, inflated nostrils and humid eyes, Erle bowed to her.

"You do not, in fact, know who you are?"

Erle drew himself proudly up, and said, in a tone made rich by emotion—

"I am Erle Gower. A name may disgrace as well as elevate. I will not stain the name I bear."

"Romance," murmured Lady Kingswood, gazing steadfastly at him, unable to suppress a feeling of admiration at his handsome, flushed face, and really noble bearing. "By your own argument it is well to have had a father known to the world favorably, for the former possessor of the name of Gower might not have been held in high odor by the honorable."

"And he may have been, madam!" exclaimed Erle, almost fiercely, "else, madam, why am I beneath this roof, or under the protection of Lord Kingswood?"

Lady Kingswood looked at him fixedly. Really, the boy was very handsome and very gentlemanly in his manner and appearance. Would it be possible for him to become attached to her? A young and graceful companion, with a form so elegant and attractive as his, would be highly desirable to one who went so much abroad by herself. Lord Kingswood certainly grew more inattentive to her and more unbecomingly every day.

Suddenly she remembered that he had spoken, and bending her head towards him, she said—

"I beg your pardon, my thoughts ran away with me—what did you observe?"

"That those to whom I am indebted for my existence could scarcely have been so undistinguished as your ladyship, pardon me, unkindly suggests, or the Lord of Kingswood would surely not take sufficient interest in me to provide for me a home beneath his own roof," he answered, with offended dignity.

Her eyes, as he concluded, flashed fire. She half rose up, with an air of excitement, and said, with severity,

"You have touched a chord there. Lord Kingswood does take an interest in you. Why does he do this?"

"I do not know," he replied, with a lowering brow.

"I appeal to your love of truth, Mr. Gower," she said, urgently;

"tell me, I earnestly request you, why does Lord Kingswood take so remarkable an interest in you?"

"Lord Kingswood will himself inform you, madam; I cannot," returned Erle, adding—"I beg that your ladyship will not prolong an interview which you cannot fail to perceive must be very painful to me."

"Hardly less to me, Mr. Gower," she returned, "because you have increased some misgivings and raised others by your inability to give me the information I require. Have you seen Lord Kingswood, to-day?"

"I have received a message from his lordship, but I have not seen him," answered Erle, reluctantly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, half soliloquizing. "So, then, he knew where you have been located. Consummate hypocrite!"

Musing for a minute, she presently inquired what message his lordship had sent to him, and he informed her, though he did not mention that he had already taken advantage of the permission to visit the Chaco.

"One moment, if you please," she said to him, motioning to him to be seated, for he had not yet, though directed to do so, taken a seat in her presence.

She placed her fair hands to her temples, and gazed upon the fire thoughtfully. She remained some few minutes thus. Then arising herself, she muttered,

"I will prevail in this!"

She addressed herself to Erle, and smiling upon him with the most winning, fascinating expression she could bring to play upon her features, she said,

"The interest Lord Kingswood takes in you cannot be of a kind to keep you incarcerated in the dreariest part of this dull pile. You will dine with us to-day; I will acquaint Lord Kingswood that it is by my special desire that you favor us with your company. The second bell will summon you to the drawing-room. If you are in doubt as to its situation, your attendant will conduct you to it. Good morning—Erle—I think you said your Christian name—"

"Erle!" he replied.

"Good morning, Erle!" she exclaimed, turning upon him a glance intended to be enchanting, but which had only the effect of perplexing him.

He bowed low to her, and smiled because she smiled. He hastened from the room, heartily glad to be released.

"He will certainly be an exceedingly handsome man," she murmured, with a sigh, as he departed.

"What a variable woman!" he ejaculated, as he returned to his apartments; "singularly unamiable and rudely inquisitive, yet excessively pleasing in her manner, too, if she so will it."

Erle dressed for dinner with more care than he had ever before bestowed upon himself. Nothing appeared to satisfy him, even though, according to her indirect promise, Lady Kingswood had sent him a supernumerary valet to assist him at his toilet.

As he arranged and re-arranged himself before the glass, he seemed to feel a pair of exquisitely soft hands pressing on his eyelids; probably that was the reason he could not see himself as he wished to look.

The second bell beat a responsive blow on his heart every peal. Never had he felt so nervous, so little self-possessed before.

Attended by the servant, he descended to the drawing-room, and entering, found a large party assembled. There were elderly men, young men, elderly ladies and young ladies, but not a face he recognized.

Many inquiring eyes were turned upon him; some glances were remorselessly fixed upon him by dowagers. A clergyman, with a kindly look, alone bowed and smiled as he passed, and glided to a recess leading to one of the windows.

He fancied he should be able to stand here alone, unnoticed and unquestioned, and he noiselessly moved into it.

To encounter a pair of deep, lustrous, blue eyes, fixed upon him in amazement—questioning, half tempted, half-gratified amazement.

Here alone, unnoticed but by himself, stood the fair owner of the soft, small fingers, and the silvery, musical voice.

What was he to do—what was he to say? He had not been introduced to her; he did not know who she was; he was quite convinced that she could have no idea of his identity.

He felt this: his eyes, large and handsome, fastened themselves with an earnest look upon hers, but his lips refused to utter a word. He bowed timidly, and she responded timidly, too. Her cheek crimsoned, her brow became roseate. She turned her face to the window, and it became white as death.

She turned again her eyes upon him. Not unkindly, very far from that was the look; but appealingly, as though to remind him not to mention how they had first met.

She seemed as if she would speak. Then, as if unable to withstand the brilliancy of his eyes—their expression was soft and dreamy, too—she turned away again, and gazed out of the window.

As she did this, she pulled the leaves from the flowers of a beautiful bouquet she held in her hand to pieces, and they lay like snow-flakes upon the floor.

At this moment there was a slight buzz and a stir among the folks near them. A pleasant laugh replied to some warm and friendly observations, and the fair young creature turned her eyes smilingly, with evident pleasure, in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

"Cousin Cyril!" she murmured, audibly, and with unmistakable satisfaction.

A shade passed over Erle's face, and a pang went through his heart.

"Another moment and Cyril was at their side."

"Ha, sweet little coz!" he exclaimed, with a tone of joyfulness.

"I have not seen you the whole day—I have been in despair; do I not look ill?"

"I never saw you looking better or happier, Cyril," she replied, smiling, and speaking in a tone Erle thought far too tender, though she did happen to be his cousin.

As she concluded, her cousin Cyril gallantly raised her hand to his lips. As he released it he turned to encounter Erle, who had witnessed the action with a feeling of impatient annoyance.

Each recognised the other in a moment. Cyril, with an unequivocal expression of surprise spreading over his features, held out his hand, to which Erle instinctively responded, and he felt his own pressed with warmth.

"My brave friend of this morning!" ejaculated Cyril, with ardor.

"How glorious that we should meet here!" He suddenly lowered his voice. "Not a word about the adventure in the Chaco. We will discuss that when we are alone." Then, resuming his natural tone, he continued, "You are a guest here—that is evident; but it is strange that I should not know you. Pardon me, to whom have I the honor, as well as the pleasure, of speaking?"

Before Erle could answer, a silvery voice, proceeding from one immediately behind him, cried quickly,

"Mr. Gower, Mr. Gower!"

He turned, and beheld, almost at his elbow, Lady Kingswood, magnificently dressed. She made a gesture for him to come to her side.

At this instant dinner was announced, and her ladyship, in a manner far more affable than condescending, said to Erle,

"Mr. Gower, will you favor me with your arm?"

Erle started, and as he rapidly glanced round the assembly he perceived that every eye was fastened upon him with an expression of amazement.

Flushed and embarrassed, he hastily tendered his arm to her ladyship, who at once placed her small, gloved hand upon it.

In their rear, some one pressed up, and in a voice which formed its sound through clenched teeth, exclaimed,

"Lady Kingswood!"

They both turned. Before them they beheld Lord Kingswood, livid with rage. He pointed to a tall individual of distinguished appearance near to him, wearing very long and ample fair moustaches, and possessing very dreamy eyes. His lordship whispered to his wife,

"The Marquis of Chillingham will—"

Lady Kingswood's eyes fluttered, she half closed them, and addressing her husband in cold, measured tones, she said,

"I can hardly have misinterpreted your lordship's wishes. If I have, permit me to express my regret. It is too late to alter the present arrangement. Lady Maud will, with pleasure, accept the honor the marquise designed for your humble servant. Alons, Mr. Gower."

She bent to Lord Kingswood, and marched off with Erle, sweeping along with a proud bearing, though she turned and spoke to her young and embarrassed companion in a low, confidential tone, rendering him yet more confused and uncomfortable, and inducing all who observed her ladyship's behavior to whisper to each other, in a spirit of curiosity and amazement,

"Who is he?"

CHAPTER V.

He caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really did not take amiss:
In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong external motive; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was bought to pique.—Byron.

THE dinner at Kingswood Manor was to have been a very brilliant affair. Actuated by high political motives, Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood, had forwarded invitations to all the people of wealth and influence residing within ten miles of the estate, and the invitation had, in nearly every instance, been responded to by the personal presence of those thus specially favored. For he it understood it was considered in the country a high favor to be entertained by special invite at the table of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood.

Among those thus assembled were the Stafforths, of Hooke, descendants of one of the oldest families in the country—the squire, his lady and son—three quaint, old-fashioned looking people. Solemn were they in aspect, stiff and starched in manner, extremely reserved in speech, and seemed in fact, to be converted into stone statues by an excessive sense of their own dignity. Looking at them, it was difficult to say which was oldest, the son or father, or the mother of the son. They all possessed large, golden, hazel eyes, which every now and then they proudly hid from view, by dropping their capacious eyelids over them. Altogether they resembled three owls seated in gloomy majesty, and admirably represented the antiquity of their origin.

In strong contrast to the Stafforths, of Hooke, were the Cottons, of Dursley Court, who were a family of a very new creation. That is to say, Ebenezer Cotton, the paterfamilias, could, in common with the rest of his species, trace his lineage down through Noah to Adam; but it was a species of inquiry he had no desire to enter upon, as his immediate progenitor was not known to the eagerly inquiring parish authorities who brought him up in infancy, and turned him, while yet a child, into a factory. He was an instance of what may be accomplished by persevering and indomitable energy and enterprise, and what may be achieved by paying small wages and gaining large profits. Once a parish boy, he was now a merchant prince, and proprietor of Dursley Court, which he had bought for two hundred thousand pounds. There was a brisk uprightness about his manner, while his wife and the two Miss Cottons kept whispering and giggling with each other at the staid appearance of the old, old Stafforths. There was the Vicar of Kingswood and his lady; Mr. Spofforth Wilks, a rising barrister, prepared to talk any one out of their mind at a moment's notice; Mr. Chisellall, Member of Parliament for Tisbury; Sir Walter Avon, of Hawksbury, and his son Philip, together with many others it would add nothing to the interest of this tale to mention, save that they were all invited to further certain political views entertained by Lord Kingswood.

They were also invited to meet the Marquis of Chillingham. The marquis was an influential minister and a member of the cabinet. It was in his power to largely promote the political advancement of Lord Kingswood, and, in short, almost to secure the aim of his ambition.

Lord Kingswood was therefore exceedingly anxious that the marquis should be received and treated with the greatest possible deference and respect. The singular conduct of Lady Kingswood consequently filled him with inexpressible chagrin and rage.

It was not possible for him under the extraordinary circumstances to alter the arrangement made by Lady Kingswood in respect to the occupation of the post of honor at the table, and he was obliged to make the best he could of the *contre-temps*, besides concealing the mortification he suffered. He was very profuse in his attentions to the marquis, who received them coldly but with dignity. Lord Kingswood thought little of this, because it was the accustomed manner of the marquis; but his brow lowered and he bit his lip, as he observed the dull, blue eyes of the marquis settle first upon Erle, then upon Lady Kingswood, and perceived, at the same time, a slight elevation of his eyebrows, followed by a satirical smile, faintly curling his upper lip.

Lord Kingswood followed the marquis to the dining-room, almost dragging the stately Mistress Stafforth, of Hooke, to whom he had given his arm, with him in his eagerness to speak to the marquis as they approached the dining-room.

"Her ladyship, you perceive, my lord marquis," he whispered, "preserves her wayward wilfulness—a peculiarity I fancy your lordship has already observed and commented upon with your accustomed amiable consideration."

The marquis exhibited an even row of white teeth, the perfection of the dentist's art, and then speaking as though he was suffering from a slight affection of the throat, which compelled him to enunciate thickly, though not hoarsely, he said:

"It is, I presume, her ladyship's prerogative—nay, surely that of every lady, especially the young; am I not right, Lady Maud?" he added, addressing the beautiful young girl whose fingers rested upon his arm.

Lady Maud dropped her eyes and smiled, but made no reply. The marquis thus soliloquized, certainly not in an undertone, as his lustreless eye once more settled on the form of Erle.

"Really a handsome well-formed young fellow that upon whose arm Lady Kingswood is now leaning, with quite a distinguished air, too. Who is he, Kingswood?" he inquired abruptly of his lordship.

A pair of bright though timid eyes were bent upon Erle, as the marquis referred to him. Perhaps the fingers so lightly resting upon his coat-sleeve trembled, perhaps a rising blush tinged the cheek of the fair young Lady Maud, and no doubt a strange throbbing of the heart accompanied her involuntary anxiety to catch Lord Kingswood's answer.

Lord Kingswood blushed too, but not slightly; a scarlet hue suffused his cheek, and he was visibly embarrassed, not the less so because he perceived that Lady Maud glanced up at his face as if curious to hear his reply.

"A—my lord marquis, he is a—a—an orphan," he stammered, "the son of a friend—a—I might say a relative of—"

"Her ladyship's," suggested the marquis, in a dry, sarcastic tone.

"A—no—a—yes—yes, my lord marquis," he stammered. "In short, a family secret, Kingswood!" observed the marquis, dropping his voice.

"A family secret, my lord!" returned Lord Kingswood, in a low, sharp, emphatic whisper, intended evidently to close the subject of conversation.

Lord Kingswood glanced at the face of the Lady Maud as he passed her to take his post at the table, but though her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were downcast, he fancied, as he hoped, that she had not heeded his brief conversation with the marquis.

Nevertheless not a word had escaped her. As the company thronged into the dining-room, Lord Kingswood turned his eyes in the direction of his wife and saw her at her accustomed place, standing with Erle Gower at her side.

Her face was turned towards the door, and a triumphant smile passed over her features as her eye met her husband's disturbed and mortified glance. He in an instant detected that she expected the approach of the noble guest, intending to invite him to a seat near to her. He was exceedingly anxious that the Marquis of Chillingham should not occupy that seat, and he turned to give some instructions to his butler, to conduct his noble and distinguished visitor to a place upon his own right hand.

He was too late; Lady Kingswood had caught the eye of the marquis as he entered; a gesture exceedingly slight was sufficient, without the intervention and the profound and frequent inflections of that awful dignitary the butler, who bowed only to high nobility—who had been already instructed by his mistress to not quite contrary to the wish of Lord Kingswood. The marquis, still conducting Lady Maud, advanced to her ladyship's end of the table, and placed himself, at her request, upon her right hand.

Erle, silent, reserved, a sad expression on his face, yet with a proud bearing outwardly, though inwardly embarrassed, took, by her ladyship's direction, his seat upon her left hand. Lady Maud occupied the seat next to him.

Cyril Kingswood, full of life and animation, was placed near to his father, and between the two giggling Miss Cottons, whose dresses were blazing with diamonds, which a princess might have envied them the possession of. The other guests were disposed according to pre-arrangement.

And so the dinner commenced. Lord Kingswood had intended to make political capital out of this entertainment. He was in an eminent degree master of the art of conversation. Well educated and well read, he was able to impart information and knowledge with ease and fluency. He possessed much grace of manner, and when he desired to captivate his hearers, his voice assumed a mellow tone, his face wore a winning smile, his deportment became courteous and affable; he listened patiently and attentively to whatever remarks were addressed to him; and if he wished to enforce his own views, he did so by skillfully attaching much value to the opinion he opposed, but supported his own case by elaborate arguments, insinuated rather than logically propounded.

Never had he more desired to shine, never did he feel himself so completely obscured by circumstances as unexpected as they were uncontrollable. The unbidden guest was the spectre at his board, who drove all other thoughts out of his brain. Macbeth was never so disturbed by the appearance of Banquo at his feast, as Lord Kingswood was at the presence of the pale, haughty-looking boy, who sat with silent dignity by the side of his wife, the "observed of all observers."

It was in vain that his lordship endeavored to display marked attention to the solemnly dreary Stafforths, to be complaisant with the merchant prince, to be respectful to the clergyman, argumentative to the barrister, chatty with Sir Walter Avon, and agreeable to all. He could not keep his eyes from wandering incessantly in the direction of Lady Kingswood, or from watching Erle Gower, or making efforts to catch the expression upon the face of the Marquis of Chillingham, as conversing with Lady Kingswood, he kept his dull blue eyes continually fixed upon Erle's face.

Sick at heart, confused by the disturbed thoughts and suspicions which rushed through his brain, Lord Kingswood found himself several times replying incoherently to observations made to him by some of his guests, or talking at random on subjects which occasional fits of sudden and profound abstraction had prevented him from comprehending. Thus lacking the vivacity and animation necessary to infuse a spirit of cheerfulness and ease into the minds of his visitors, the conversation soon began to flag and to subside into subdued conversation, each with his neighbor, and then into silence. An air of restraint prevailed, and there was not one present who did not feel it or wonder at the cause.

If Erle had a consolation under his embarrassing position, it was that he was seated next to the fair young Lady Maud.

He had been favorably impressed with her face and form in their first brief and remarkable interview, and now that he beheld her in a blaze of light, her charms aided by all that fashion, taste and elegant attire could contribute, it is easy to comprehend that his good opinion was considerably heightened.

It was not her loveliness, however, that attracted him. There was a soft, gentle expression in her kind, beaming eyes, and a sweetness and amiability shining in her countenance, which drew his heart towards her.

He had been almost instantaneous, struck by a conviction that when he came to know her they should be hereafter friends, and that, however coldly or harshly all the world might treat him, he should find in her one tender, sympathizing and sincere.

It has been asserted that there is no friend to man so kind, so real, so true as woman. Erle believed, he knew not why, that whatever acquaintance he might hereafter form among his own sex, no such friend would be met with as the fair young Lady Maud.

As he sat by her side and thought of this, his heart beat fast and his hands trembled. Nevertheless, had his presence at this dinner been a far severer ordeal, its pains and trials would have been more than compensated by the bliss he felt by sitting side by side with this sweet and beautiful girl.

He had no thought of love; he had read of such a passion, heard of it, seen country examples down shady lanes or retired by-ways, but only saw on its evidences two folks of opposite sexes, who looked pretty much as if they were sulking with each other, and were altogether very unwell. It never occurred to him that he might fall in love with her and become very unwell too.

His general idea was a close, sincere and sympathizing friendship; he wished himself her brother—no, not exactly a brother—a cousin. Yes, a cousin—that affinity would have been enough to place them on very pleasant friendly terms, and heartily he wished that he was cousin Cyril.

A feeling of pain and discontent shot through his breast as it occurred to him that he was not, and he turned his eyes in the direction in which cousin Cyril sat. He expected—he could not have informed himself why—to have found the eyes of Cyril glaring wrathfully upon him, but he perceived, on the contrary, that he was full of glee and life, affording great amusement to the Miss Cottons, who smirked and laughed, and felt themselves, under the influence of his direct attentions, to be in great force. Cyril, it was evident, did not feel discomfort or disturbance at the close proximity of Erle to his cousin, Lady Maud, and Erle experienced a feeling of relief at this discovery. He began to think that he liked cousin Cyril better than he did when first they met.

While this thought was passing through his mind, he became conscious that he was the object upon which a pair of fierce, dark, glittering eyes were fastened with a sinister as well as an inquisitive expression.

On detecting this he returned the gaze with a full, fixed look, his own clear, intelligent eyes courting, as it were, examination and inquiry. The dark eyes slowly fell beneath the direct attack to which they were subjected, and then Erle turned his own upon the face of Lady Maud, to find her sweet, enchanting orbs also perusing his face with steadfast attention.

Their eyes met.

What a profound though voiceless eloquence the eye discourses! What need of words, when a language so ardent and earnest can be employed without speech? If there be an electric communication in the touch, how much more rapid, thrilling, powerful in its effects is the electric spark darted from eye to eye.

Erle felt, as the lustrous, earnest gaze of Lady Maud met his own, an emotion pass through his breast such as he had never in his life before experienced.

He saw nothing but her liquid, luminous eyes fixed on his own with an admiring, dreamy expression, painful from the very intensity of felicity it created.

It was the first fond, delicious sensation that had ever, like a gleam of sunshine, penetrated his sad heart. It was the blissful sense of the existence at last of one being in the world who might care for him—some one who would rejoice in his happiness or grieve at his afflictions. It drew a deep sigh from his throbbing breast.

He perceived that Lady Maud received the renewal of his, perhaps, rather too eager gaze with downcast eyes, but he also saw the eloquent tell-tale blood rise up in her fair face, and tint, with rose-bloom, her alabaster forehead.

He wished to speak, for he knew her thoughts were of him, but, not usually at a loss for utterance, he felt now bereft of words.

A theme was, however, found him by the owner of those dark eyes which had previously vexed him by their prying, malevolent aspect. They were now turned upon him again, this time with a watchful, menacing expression, which he retorted with a glance of proud defiance, and they were then withdrawn from him with a scorn which promised a rancorous enmity.

He curled his upper lip in disdain, and, turning his face to Lady Maud, he said, in a low tone,

"I am unfortunately situated, Lady Maud, in being an utter stranger to every one present, save to yourself."

Lady Maud raised her eyes with some surprise, and responded, in accents of a timid character,

"Save to me, sir?"

"Perhaps I am saying too much in making that observation," he answered in an undertone; "yet, by a happy accident, the remembrance of which I shall always welcome with pleasure, our first meeting was one of less reserve than usually occurs between strangers."

Lady Maud blushed to the temples once more, yet she could not help smiling, and Erle saw at a glance that the recurrence to the incident had not offended her, even though she made no reply.

"We have not been introduced, Lady Maud," he continued, in the same low tone. "Lady Kingswood has omitted to present me to you, and Lord Kingswood, so occupied by the presence of his guests,

has, I presume, forgotten to do so. Yet, by my position at this table, you can easily understand that I possess no ordinary claim to sit where I do, and I do assure you, Lady Maud, I possess even yet more powerfully, a hope that you will consider me to have some title to your condescension. I am most solicitous to be at least on speaking terms with you. Will you so far honor me by permitting me to introduce myself?"

Certainly he had no occasion to be dissatisfied with the ready bow of assent Lady Maud returned to his request.

With a voice that slightly trembled, he said,

"My name is Erle Gower. I am—" He stopped short; he remembered Lord Kingswood's injunction, as well as Ishmael's counsel to be discreet. His face crimsoned, and he displayed for a moment the greatest possible embarrassment. Lady Maud observed it, and hardly knowing what she said, being animated by a desire to relieve his confusion, supplied the sentence which he had left unspoken. She exclaimed, hastily,

"You are a family secret!"

Erle became at once as white as marble, and bowed, without uttering a word.

(To be continued.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. T. Rochester.—All that seems so difficult to you now will be as simple as possible after you have familiarized yourself with the great fundamental principles of the game. Take the trouble to master those first, and the rest will come easy; otherwise you will merely learn piecemeal, and never grasp the whole science of the game.

MASS SHOT.—This term is applied to a shot which is made by striking the ball with the cue held in a perpendicular position. It takes its name from the player who invented it.

R. St. Joseph, Mo.—The balls used in France are 2½ inches in diameter. JOHNSON, Wilmington, Del.—The shot is fair. It is always better to make all stipulations in an unmistakable manner before the game is commenced, and then there can be no disputes.

F. M., Harrisburgh.—Foul.

QUICK, St. Louis.—"Break" is the position in which the balls are left after a shot has been made.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

ARRANGEMENTS are nearly completed for converting the upper saloon of the Union Square Billiard Room (the same where the recent tournament was held) into a room for the exclusive use of ladies wishing to learn and practice the healthful game of billiards. Ladies will find one of their own sex to wait on them and attend to their wants. We are assured that this experiment will meet with the success we think it deserves, and we hope in time to see every well-conducted billiard-saloon graced by the presence of the fair sex.

BILLIARDS AND RACKET.—Subsequent to the presentation of the tournament prizes, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 2, the recipients, accompanied by a select party of friends, repaired, by invitation of the proprietor, Henry Venn, to the Racket Court, 384 Bowery. Arrived here, Professor "Billy" played two games of rackets for their amusement, and won both games, though contending each time with two remarkably fine players. Billy is certainly the Berger of rackets. After partaking of a bountiful collation, assisted during the process by "Piper," Messrs. Tiesman and Kavanagh played a game of billiards, 250 points up, which Mr. Tiesman won by 6 points. Between the racket-players and the billiard-players, the pleasure seemed to be mutual, each being delighted with each other's game.

MR. A.—an amateur, who has a Phelan table in his private mansion, made, in three consecutive games, lately played on a French carom table, at Phelan's rooms, the large runs of 70, 101 and 111 points. The game was the four ball carom, and the runs were remarkable for an amateur.

BILLIARDS FOR LADIES.—M. Berger gave an exhibition to a select party of ladies and gentlemen at the Union Square Rooms on Monday afternoon. Among those present were the lady representatives of some of our first New York families, whose names in learned and commercial and artistic spheres are world-known. The celebrated American tragedienne was among those who honored the occasion with her presence, and joined with the other ladies in expressing the pleasure with which she witnessed the exhibition of M. Berger's talent. Miss Cushman was also highly pleased with the new Berger Table, with Phelan's cushions, manufactured by Phelan & Collender, on which M. Berger played on this occasion. Miss Cushman expressed her desire of having one manufactured to take to Rome with her. Many of the distinguished ladies present are excellent players, and showed their scientific appreciation of the shots executed. The exhibition commenced with a game of 100 points with the champion of the billiard tournament, Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, in which M. Berger was the winner by 53 points. M. Berger then played with Mr. Phelan a game of 50 points, which he won by 20 points. The execution of a number of M. Berger's celebrated fancy shots concluded the entertainment. Exhibitions for ladies and gentlemen were given on the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday.

AMATEUR MATCH.—A most interesting match took place on the evening of Monday, the 12th inst., at Lynch's Rooms, between two gentlemen, members of the New York Club, one of the first societies of gentlemen in the United States, and which has done much to popularize billiards in our first circles. The game was 1,000 points up, on a Phelan carom table, and was very closely contested, the players passing and repassing each other twenty times during its course. It was finally won by Mr. A., by 66 points over his opponent, Mr. B.

BILLIARDS IN THE CITY.—The following is a schedule of the public games played by M. Berger since our last, with their results:

Game.	Game.	Berger's best.	Opponent's best.	Won by.
Mr. A., dis. 100	.. 25	.. 7	.. 81	Berger.
Mr. B., dis. 100	.. 36	.. 8	.. 80	"
Mr. H., dis. 100	.. 18	.. 3	.. 79	"
Mr. Geary 100	.. 10	.. 6	.. 71	"
Mr. Phelan 100	.. 63	.. 6	.. 78	"

Beside the exhibitions especially designed for ladies and gentlemen, which we have mentioned above, M. Berger gave six farewell evening exhibitions in his usual room at Phelan's, previous to his departure for Boston on Monday of this week. M. Berger will remain a week in Boston, and will be accompanied on his trip by Mr. Phelan. On their return, Messrs. B. and P. will call at Providence, R. I. The new Berger Table, manufactured by Phelan & Collender, will be used by M. Berger during his tour through the United States. M. Berger expresses himself delighted with the new table, of which our daily contemporary, the *World*, says: "A new table was used for the first time, which has been made by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, after the model of M. Berger's, and measures ten feet by five feet. It is without pockets, and just suitable for the French three ball carom game, which is becoming quite fashionable, and likely to supersede the American four ball pocket game to a considerable extent. The table does credit to American skill, and will be used by M. Berger in his tour through the United States instead of his own."

BILLIARDS AT NEBRASKA.—One of Phelan & Collender's first class billiard-tables has just been set up in Mr. Magee's Saloon, Nebraska City.

A SCENE AT PHELAN'S.—This is the title of a stereoscopic photographic group presented to us by Mr. C. J. Fox, 681 Broadway, comprising full length portraits of Messrs. Berger, Phelan, Kavanagh, Tiesman, Lynch and White. The group is excellent and the likenesses admirable. It reflects the highest credit on the artist, Mr. Fox.

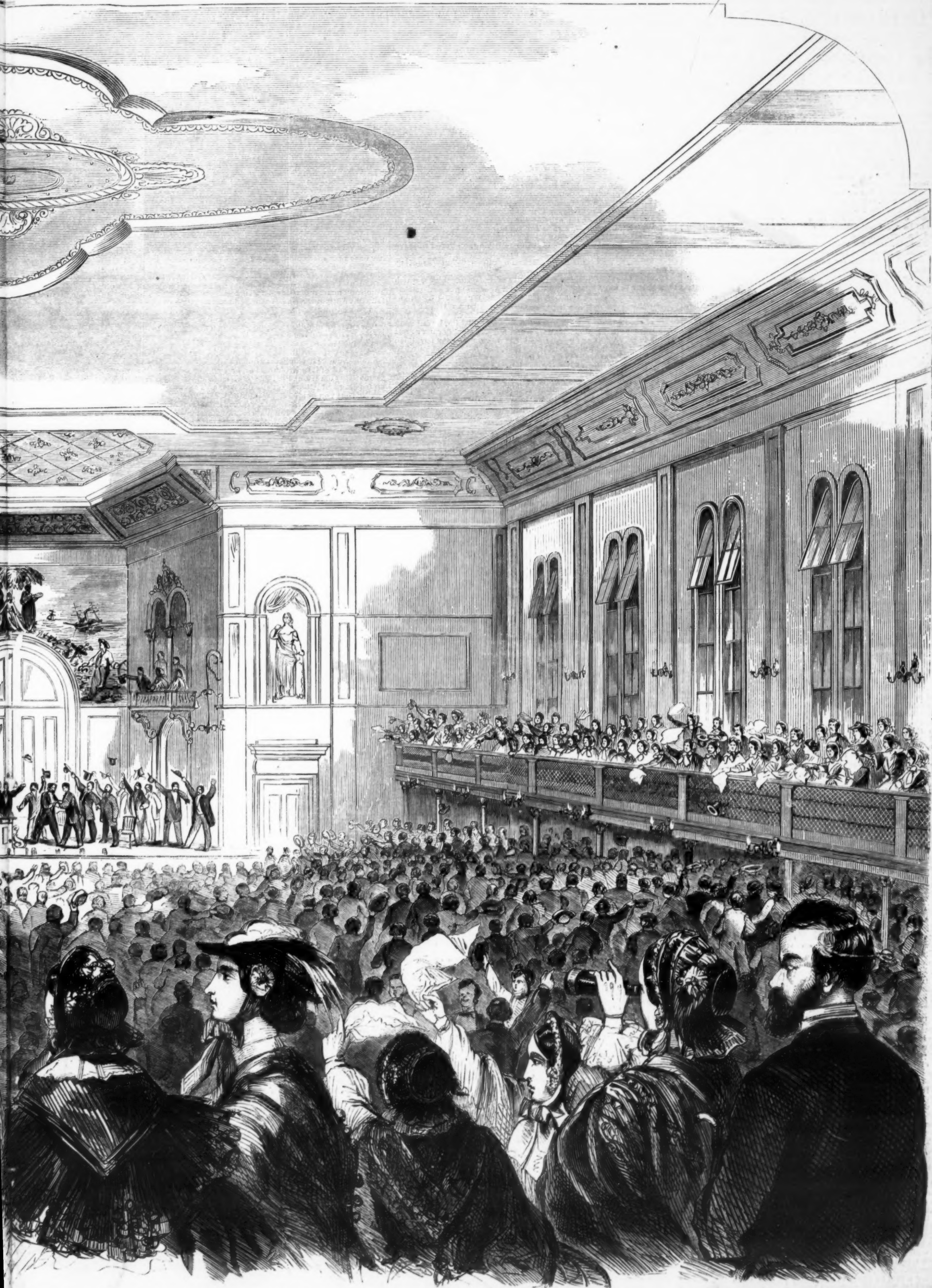
HEAT IN THE RED SEA.

HOLMES says that the wise and observant men of his day had remarked that when the heat was very great in the Red Sea it was either "the forerunner of the plague or else dismal wars." If so the following extract from the *Malta Times*, of October 18th, prognosticates the great war foretold by George Canning:

"From accounts related by the passengers by the Colombo from Suez, it would appear that the heat in the Red Sea has been more than ordinarily oppressive. Not fewer than three deaths occurred on board, caused entirely by the frightful temperature, one of which was that of the Captain-General of Manila, General Macarohan, already reported. The body was preserved in spirits and sent on shore at Aden, with the General's family, for the purpose of being conveyed back to Spain. The second death was that of J. M. Laren, Esq., managing agent and engineer of the Labuan Coal Company. The third was that of a young lady. A perfect panic occurred on board, as sixteen of the passengers were prostrated by the heat, and not expected to survive. So great were their sufferings that Captain Dunn, in order to afford some relief to them, lay the ship some time broadside to the light north wind, and then made a course back to Suez, by which means the breeze was enabled to make its way through the open ports, and cool the heated cabins and saloons. We hear that the company intend for the future to provide ventilating fans worked by the engine, for the purpose of forcing a stream of cool air through the saloons and cabins below, during the very trying passage through the Red Sea."



GREAT MASS MEETING TO ENDORSE THE CALL OF THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA FOR A STATE CONVENTION, TO BE HELD MONDAY, NOV. 12, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR



ON, TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF SECESSION FROM THE UNION, HELD AT INSTITUTE HALL, CHARLESTON, S. C., ON
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 3.

PINEGROVE HALL; OR, THE WHITE LADY OF THE SWAMP. A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

By M. Dana Shindler.

CHAPTER XVI.

In this relative position they continued for some time, Edward meanwhile considering earnestly the best method of soothing the poor demented creature. The kindness of his countenance, and the firm yet sympathizing look of his fine dark eyes, produced an evident effect upon her, but she changed like a flash of lightning the moment he made the slightest demonstration of his intention to draw the boat ashore.

At length, in one of her softened moods, she moved stealthily towards the rope, and, taking it in her hand, tried gently to pull it from him. Looking in his face with a beseeching gaze she murmured some words of entreaty in a voice wonderfully soft and musical; but he shook his head, and only held on the tighter. Then she pulled harder, and the tones of her voice grew louder and harsher; the round red spot upon each cheek grew brighter, and her eyes began to dance and sparkle.

Edward prayed to Heaven for guidance, for he knew not how to manage the case. He was intensely excited, for the life of a human being, a young and beautiful woman, "one more unfortunate," seemed to be placed almost in his hands. Of the infant he scarcely thought at all.

In a beseeching tone of voice he addressed her, and stretched forth one hand to beckon her to his protection, but she shook her head wildly, and tugged furiously at the rope. Finding that she grew worse every moment, and knowing that this state of things would some time or other come to an end, he concluded at all events to draw the boat to land; but no sooner had he begun the task than the woman, with a fearful shriek, threw both arms around her baby, rose up suddenly, and sprang into the water.

CHAPTER XVII.

In an instant Edward's coat was off, and he plunged in after her. He was not long in finding and bringing her to the shore. The babe was still clasped fondly in her arms, and opened soon its pretty little eyes, but the mother was already quite insensible.

Edward bore them in his arms to the cabin, made as comfortable a bed as he could with the poor materials at his command, and, with a sad but hopeful heart, set about the work before him, which was, first of all, to restore to life the poor creature to whom death would have been a blessing.

For human life is a sacred thing, and Edward keenly felt the awful responsibility which was resting upon him. Night was coming on, the sun was sinking in the west, and though the spring was somewhat advanced, the evening was rather cool.

His first care was to make a rousing fire. This was no difficult task, as he found dry materials all around the cabin door, and he had matches in his pocket, and the cheerful blaze he soon produced infused its pleasing influence into his heart, while it gave him the light and warmth he needed for his work.

He was a man, and she was a woman; he young and ardent, and she young and beautiful, in form most beautiful; but never did purer heart beat in a human bosom than Edward Alston's heart that awful night. That cabin was one of the holiest spots on earth.

He removed her saturated garments, and covered her with his own warm cloak; for he had been too much of a hunter not to go from home without ample provision for changes of weather. He chafed her icy limbs with his own warm hands, and held her in his arms near the fire that she might feel its reviving warmth. When the baby cried he took a biscuit from his pocket and chewed it into pap, feeding it, as the birds do their young, from his own mouth.

At length, made dry and comfortable, the baby slept, and Edward continued to work upon the still insensible mother. She certainly grew warmer; yes, he was sure of that. But that might be merely the influence of the fire. At length he was rewarded; his efforts were crowned with success, for she opened her eyes and gazed upon him. His heart sent up its song of praise to Heaven, but he said not a word.

Taking a flask from his pocket he prepared some warm brandy toddy, which he held to the lips of his patient. At first the shut her eyes and refused to take it; but he stroked her forehead for awhile, as though trying to memorize her, and then offered it again, and this time it was not refused.

She soon felt its restoring influence, and looked around for her baby, endeavoring at the same time to raise herself from the bed; but Edward gently laid her head back upon the pillow, and going to the corner where he had placed the baby, he raised it gently in his arms, and brought it without waking it to the mother. She laid it on her bosom, gazed earnestly at Edward, said a few words in her sweet Spanish tongue, which, though he could not understand, he knew to be pleasant words; and then, closing her eyes, she fell into a calm and refreshing slumber.

Night closed in and the sufferer slept on. Edward watched over her as a mother would have watched her child. When the baby awoke he gently removed it from her arms, and though she held it tightly, as though unwilling to give it up, he firmly though quietly removed it, and the mother still slept on. Soon the baby also was asleep again, and everything was quiet in the cabin.

Edward replenished the fire and seated himself near it, then drawing from his pocket a miniature edition of Shakespeare, which he always carried about him, he began to read it by the light of the fire.

At length a sound from without caught his attention. He laid down his book and listened. He certainly heard voices—human voices. Rising softly he went to the door, opened it, and looked out. He saw nothing, for the night was rather dark; but still he heard the voices as of people talking in a suppressed tone. He was gazing out of the front door in the direction of the canoe, but soon he became convinced that the sounds came from the back part of the house. He stepped noiselessly up to the sleeper, to see whether the noise, slight as it was, might not have disturbed her; then finding that she still slept quietly, he left the house to ascertain what was going on in that apparently uninhabited spot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When he reached the back part of the house, and had put aside some of the tangled vines which obstructed his view, what was his surprise to see lights moving hither and thither on the water of the swamp, at the very place where he and his companions had crossed from one spot of land to another that very day. Immediately he came to the conclusion that the cabin he had just left was the rendezvous of a gang of lawless men, and instinctively he put his hand into his pocket to feel for his trusty pistol.

Finding that the party were about to land and ascend to the cabin, he withdrew into the deep shade of a monstrous vine, and stood perfectly still, resolved to be guided by circumstances.

The company, apparently six or seven in number, came slowly on, picking their way by the light of the torches which some of them carried. To his surprise, he saw that two of them were females, but he could not yet distinguish their faces. They came on and on, and he saw—could he believe his eyes—his own sister and his betrothed! Yes, there they certainly were, as large as life, Lucy Alston and Laura Ford.

Edward stepped forth from his concealment and stood in the path before them. They were not surprised to see him, though he appeared so suddenly, for they knew that he would be wide-awake and on the watch.

Behind them were Charles and the real Louis Lefrange, and still further behind were faithful old Tom and one of his fellow-servants.

When Charles and Tom carried to Pinegrove Hall the startling news they had to tell, Lucy and Laura, womanlike, had insisted on going immediately to the assistance of the poor woman for whom they had so long been seeking, and for whose sad fate they had so often mourned. Hastily collecting together all the articles they thought they would be likely to need, they packed them in a large basket, and each mounting a trusty horse, sallied forth at night at the call of humanity, to thread the intricacies and to tempt the dangers of the swamp. Charles begged them to wait till morning, but they would not hear of it, the poor woman might die in the meantime they said.

When they reached the cabin the woman was still asleep. Lucy and Laura bent over their suffering sister, and shuddered to think that one so young, so delicate and so beautiful, had met with so sad a fate. Louis Lefrange examined her features with a thoughtful countenance, and then looked intently on the floor as if trying to recall something to his mind.

Just at this moment the woman uttered a deep sigh and awoke. She looked surprised and alarmed to see so many people in the cabin, and missing her infant from her arms, endeavored to rise. Edward thought of it in a moment, and hastened to bring the baby from the corner in which he had laid it. She stretched forth her arms to receive it, and smiled in Edward's face as he bent over her to lay it safely on her bosom. He had evidently gained her confidence.

Louis had retired from observation when he found she was awaking, but at Edward's request he came forward and addressed her in Spanish. She replied to him with a bewildered stare, but as she gazed a look of recognition stole over her features, and reaching forth her hand, she said a few words in Spanish.

"'Tis just as I thought," said Louis, in English, as if speaking to himself. "Poor creature! Poor Juanita!"

They now entered into a long and earnest conversation, which Louis interpreted to the rest from time to time. She had married, she said, the man she loved, and he had brought her to that cabin, till, as she said, he could provide for her a better home. He had been very kind to her for awhile and provided for all her wants, but after awhile he stayed away from her so much that she was afraid he loved her no more; so she braved everything, and used to leave the island at night and wander about in search of him. They had two canoes, so that when he had taken one she had still the means of getting to the main road.

He used to bring her, she said, plenty of beautiful things, which he told her to keep against the time when he would get a fine house in some fine city. She often wondered where they came from, but she knew he was smart enough to get anything he wanted, or to do anything he pleased.

He often, she said, let her leave the swamp with him, but as soon as they got to the main road, would kiss her and send her back. But he got to staying away so long, that she became uneasy; and one afternoon, by dint of hiding behind trees, and following him when his back was turned, she traced him to a certain house. There, from a hiding-place in the avenue, she used to see him talking to a beautiful young lady, and she knew from the expression of his countenance, that she herself was to be cast aside for another love. The thought maddened her, and she determined to see the young lady and to tell her by signs, if in no other way, that she alone had a right to her husband's love. But she was frightened away by suddenly seeing her husband in the piazza, and she was afraid that he would be angry if he caught her there.

She brooded, she said, over her wrongs. For days and nights together he often left her now, and though he kept her supplied with food, she was almost constantly alone. Night after night she would steal away and watch him talking in the piazza to that beautiful young lady, and one night she took a loaded pistol with her and tried to kill her rival. That night her husband had nearly caught her, for he rushed out of the house and pursued her, but she managed to escape. He beat her severely, she said, for it. As she said this, she covered her face with her hands and rocked to and fro with a low moaning noise, she added, "but for all that, I love him still; I love him still!"

"How long is it since you last saw him?" inquired Louis.

"Oh, so long, so long, I can hardly tell. I believe I have been mad, I am sometimes mad now. When he was last here he brought me a great quantity of bread ready cooked, and said he was going to the city for a little while, and if I followed him he would kill me. I slipped out before he went and hid one of the canoes; oh, how hard he tried to find it; but he seemed in such a hurry. I would have followed him to the city, but I didn't know how to get there; and besides, I think I have been ill. I went to the beautiful young lady's house and watched her from my hiding-place; but there was another gentleman with her then, and they held each other's hands, and I saw that they loved each other dearly, and then I knew that it was not she who had taken my husband from me."

"Was this the young lady?" inquired Louis, leading Lucy forward where the light from the fire could shine upon her face.

She gazed earnestly at Lucy, who could not keep back the tears that sprang to her eyes at the piteous aspect of the poor deserted creature. "Yes, yes," she cried, extending both her hands towards her, "where is my husband? Oh, tell me, where is my husband?" Then knowing that she could not understand her reply, she turned inquiringly to Louis.

"She says," replied Louis, "that he went to the city, and she has not seen him since."

"But she knows where he is; oh! tell me—tell me—take me to him!" Thus, exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she fell back in a fainting state upon her pillow.

CHAPTER XIX.

The party had brought various restoratives with them, and they worked with the poor creature all the rest of the night, but with very little effect; the powers of nature seemed well nigh exhausted. Anxiously they watched for the dawn, that they might remove her from that miserable and lonely dwelling to a more comfortable spot. As Louis had informed them, she was the daughter of a wealthy Cuban planter, who had been accustomed to every luxury and indulgence; and they shuddered to think what her sufferings must have been in that lonely spot; but had she always been the humblest and poorest of God's creatures, she would have been just as well cared for by the true Christians who had come to her relief.

The morning came at last, a beautiful spring morning. Finding that the sufferer grew no better, they consulted together, and agreed to remove her, ill as she was, to a more comfortable home.

Charles and Tom had declined crossing the water at the front of the cabin, because they knew the other way better; and it was now decided still to take the old way, as it would be easier to carry the patient on a raft than in a small canoe.

I will not weary my readers with a minute description of the journey. Though not very long, it was full of difficulties; and they more than once repented having made the attempt; but when they saw the invalid safely laid on a soft, clean bed in one of the best rooms of Pinegrove Hall, and that she certainly was no worse than when they had left the swamp, they were heartily glad of the change.

But the patient did not rally much. On the contrary, she seemed to be gradually sinking; and, indeed, it seemed hardly desirable that she should live to know for what a villain she had fled from her dotting father, whose heart had been broken by the blow.

It will be remembered that there was another invalid at Pinegrove Hall; another victim to the arts of the same unmitigated villain.

Poor Claudine had been at the very gates of death; but, thanks to a good constitution, good nursing, and the good Providence who orders all things, she was now better; in fact, quite out of danger. Her brother Tom devoted himself to her day and night; and her eyes followed him affectionately wherever he went; but nothing could rouse her from the state of quiet melancholy into which she had fallen.

They had not thought it best, at first, to tell her that Mason's real wife was under the same roof with her; for they did not wish any allusion made to the sad mistake which had blighted her young life. But at length they began to think that the excitement of seeing a greater sufferer than herself, and the very child of the man who had wrought her ruin, might draw her thoughts from herself; and, by enlisting her sympathies for another, might do her great and lasting good.

They consulted the doctor on the subject, and he caught at once at the proposal. "The very thing," he said. "I wonder I did not think of it myself! But I was always a stupid old blockhead, you know, Lucy, my dear!"

"I don't know any such thing, doctor," said Lucy; "I know you're the nicest old soul that ever lived."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the doctor. "But now we'll go right up stairs, and see to this matter; and the sooner it is done the better; for that poor young Spaniard has but a little while to live." And the good old doctor cleared his throat suspiciously, and walking to the window, whistled the liveliest tune he could think of.

CHAPTER XX.

"Now, Lucy, my dear," said the doctor, "who will be the best person to break this matter to Claudine?"

"You may laugh at the idea, doctor," replied Lucy, "but I think old mom Pris will be the very best one. She has been able to

manage Claudine throughout her whole sickness, better than any of us; better even than her brother Tom."

"Why should I laugh at the idea?" said Doctor Park. "Where the feelings of the heart are concerned, give me a black skin before any other. They obey orders, too, and don't spoil everything by exercising the right of private judgment. Where's old Pris, Lucy, my dear?"

Old Pris was called, and taught her lesson. She was to arrive at the fact in a roundabout way, the doctor said; she was not to plump it right out.

"Let old Pris 'lone, marse doctor!" said the old woman; "I knows jis how far tell de chile: does't I, ole man?" This was addressed to old Tom, who, feeling that Pris had no right to any secret in which he was not a sharer, had volunteered his presence.

"I respect my ole woman, marse doctor, is uncommon smart 'bout the tongue," said Tom, "but she ain't always judgmatical."

"But I don't like judgmatical people, Tom," said the doctor; "I don't want them about me; especially in a sick room. That's just why I like Pris, because she ain't judgmatical."

"Ah," said Tom, shaking his head sagaciously, "that being the case, marse doctor, perhaps my ole woman might do."

"Oh, she'll do, Tom, she'll do, never fear," said the doctor.

They entered Claudine's room together, Doctor Park, Lucy, mom Pris and daddy Tom, who would not be left out of the party, probably because he felt some responsibility in regard to the manner in which mom Pris would acquit herself of the great responsibility that had been laid upon her.

They found Claudine reclining upon a sofa, near an open window, her cheek resting upon her hand, and an expression of hopeless grief upon her sunken features. Beside her sat her brother Tom, looking almost as wretched as herself. They both looked somewhat surprised at this influx of company, so strangely assorted; but old Tom soon managed to account for his presence by proceeding to take out a window sash—it was quite a warm day—which he said he was going to wash. At Claudine's bedside mom Pris was always welcome.

"Well, lady bird," said the doctor, in a cheerful tone, "how is it to-day? Haven't you a single smile for me, when I've cured you up so nicely?"

"Perhaps it would have been better," said Claudine, with a languid smile, "if you had let me die, doctor."

"Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it!" said the doctor; "I never let my patients die if I can help it; do I, mom Pris?" Old Tom pricked up his ears and listened for the old woman's answer.

"No, dat you don't, marse doctor," said Pris. "I can take my davy to dat; an' I does wish to gracious dat you would cure up all your sick people; 'cos I don't wish my marster's house to be a hospitable no longer."

"Ah, thar now," grunted old Tom; "that thar ole nigger's gone an' done it, now! They might a knew it!"

Tom Boudo started to his feet and looked first at Pris, then at the doctor, and finally at Lucy, who colored highly, and knew not what to say or do. But Claudine understood mom Pris better than her brother, for she only smiled and said, "One patient doesn't make a hospital, mom Pris."

"But you see, my dear Miss Claudine," said Pris, "dar's more'n one patient, my chile."

"Woman, are you crazy?" exclaimed Tom Boudo, who knew full well who that other patient was.

"No, my dear Marse Tom," said Pris, dropping a low courtesy; "not as I knows on."

She then turned to Claudine, and was about to say something more, when Tom Boudo exclaimed,

"Old woman, will you leave this room or not? for if you won't, I'll see if I can put you out!"

Dr. Park now took Tom Boudo by the hand, and drew him to the window, where he explained to him in a few words why they had thought it best to tell his sister about the Spanish woman.

"We ought to have prepared you for it, my dear boy," said the doctor, "but we never thought of it."

Tom was very dubious about the propriety of the measure, but quietly returned to his sister. He found her busily engaged in cross-questioning old mom Pris with more of eager interest than he had seen there since her illness.

"Dat's God's blessed true, Miss Claudine," said Pris. "I isn't told you no lie; thar's a sick lady in this same blessed house what's a heap worse off dan you is. An' you's gittin well enough now, my chile, to go an' see what you kin do for her."

"Worse off than I am!" said Claudine; "that can hardly be. She may be sicker in body, she may be near to death—in that case she is far better off. Oh, doctor, you ought to have let me die when I was so near to death."

"Well, I'll see about it the next time," said the doctor.

"Miss Claudine, chile," said mom Pris, "dat poor ting sort o' b'long to you."

"Belongs to me?"

"Yes, my dear chile, she an' her baby, all 'two."

"What do you mean, mom Pris?"

"It's dat poor creetur, Miss Claudine, my chile, what was lef' in de swamp, an' what my marster and mistreas took from dar while you was a lying onsenible."

"The swamp? the swamp?" repeated Claudine to herself.

"What did I hear about the swamp? Oh, oh, oh—I remember now—I remember now!"

CHAPTER XXI.

She had a long and hearty fit of crying, which undoubtedly did her good. At length she looked up and began to question her brother.

"Who was it that he said was in the swamp?" she asked.

Her brother tried to tell her, but soon broke down, not knowing how to put his ideas into words that would not wound her feelings.

"Ask mom Pris," said he.

"Who was it, mom Pris? was it a woman?"

"Dat it was, honey! A poor, beautiful, onfort'nit, forsaken woman, an' baby too."

"His baby?"

"His baby, my dear chile, sure as you're livin'."

"Oh, God! oh, God!" she exclaimed, as she hid her face in the cushions of the sofa. Then, rising suddenly, she exclaimed, "Take me to them! Oh, Brother Tom, take me to them!"

Tom looked inquiringly at the doctor, who came forward, took Claudine's hand, and felt her pulse.

"I cannot let you go," said the doctor, "unless you promise that you will be perfectly calm. My other patient cannot bear the least excitement. She is almost gone, and it would kill her at once."

"Oh, I will be perfectly calm," said Claudine. "I am quite calm now."

"Not quite," said the doctor; "compose yourself, my dear, and then we will all go."

With the docility of a little child Claudine sat down and waited, the doctor still feeling her pulse. Her lips were firmly pressed together, and her eyes were closed, and when after awhile the doctor said, "Come, my dear!" she rose calmly, took her brother's arm, and they all left the room together, old black Tom feeling considerably de trop, but not willing to be left out of a group in which his old woman played so prominent a part.

As they entered the chamber of the interesting invalid, she turned her large dark eyes upon them, looking with considerable curiosity at Claudine, whom she had never seen before.

Louis Lefrange, her interpreter, was seated near her, and so were Charles and Edward. The baby, fast asleep, was lying on the bed beside her. Its fat little hand unconsciously clasped one of her emaciated fingers, forming a mournful contrast.

Notwithstanding her promise to be calm, Claudine was very nearly overcome by her emotion, and sank into a chair near the bed, looking very pale, and trembling all over.

"Who is that lady?" asked the dying woman, turning to Louis.

"She is, like yourself, a child of sorrow," answered Louis.

"Was she deserted, as I was?"

"She would have been, if her betrayer had lived long enough."

"Who was her betrayer?"

"Can you bear it if I tell you?"

"Ah, I know, you need not tell me."

She turned her dying eyes on Claudine, who sat, still pale and trembling, before her, gazed on her long and earnestly, and then reached forth her hand. Claudine advanced to the bed, threw herself on her knees beside it, took the emaciated hand, which had been held out to her, and laid her head upon it. Another flood of tears came to her relief. The room was perfectly quiet, excepting now and then a sob from the weeping Claudine, and the somewhat laborious breathing of the dying woman.

At length the latter spoke to Louis.

"Tell her," said she, "to dry her tears, and stay calmly by me till I am gone."

Louis told her.

"I will," said Claudine, "I will be calm, and I will stay with her to the last. Selfish creature that I am! she must have suffered more than I." Then, rising from her knees, she placed her chair beside the bed, and seated herself there, saying, "This is my place. Brother, you will not have to nurse me any more."

Just then the baby woke and began to cry. Claudine sprang to take it, seeming all at once to have recovered all her strength, but she tottered, and was obliged to sit herself again. Mom Pri came forward, took the baby, called in the wet nurse who had been provided for it, and its cries were soon quieted.

"Let them bring my baby here when it has sucked," the mother said to Louis.

The babe was brought, and the mother asked to be raised up. Then taking the infant in her arms, she handed it to Claudine, saying,

"If you will take it, it is yours."

Louis interpreted.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Claudine. "Tell her so, Mr. Legrange, tell her it shall be mine, my own; I will be to it a mother, and we will both watch over it."

When the dying mother heard these words she smiled, fell back on her pillow, her eyes closed, her lips parted, and she was gone.

THE END.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

A Tale of Genoa.

CHAPTER I.

It was night. The air was clear and frosty, but the wind blew in chilling gusts through the dark and narrow lanes of Genoa, and even along its principal streets, making an unwholesome contrast to the joyous hospitality that reigned within the mansion of the Marchese Albertini.

It was the evening of the first of January, and the birthday of his only child, who had just attained her eighteenth year. The marchese was a widower, a Neapolitan by birth, but having married a Genoese lady, he had settled in her native country previous to her death, and partly from habit, partly from inclination, he had continued there.

Amidst the crowd of gay cavaliers and beautiful and graceful ladies, Adeline, the fair daughter of the marchese, moved in unrivalled loveliness. A simple though costly dress set off her beautiful figure, her dark and glossy hair was wound around her graceful head; and her eyes—how brightly they flashed from beneath their long fringes! The richness of the rose was on her cheek, and her voice was sweet, and almost as low as the summer winds.

Many were the cavaliers who gazed on her with admiration and strove to win her favor. But, courteous to all, she smiled on none in particular. As the evening advanced, the crowd of guests became still more numerous, and Adeline, feeling herself exhausted and heated, retired for a moment's repose to a smaller apartment adjoining the grand saloon. The windows opened on a magnificent terrace, leading by a flight of marble steps to the beautiful garden in the rear of the mansion. The moon was up, though at times partially obscured; but the stars were very bright, and Adeline, throwing a cloak around her, stepped out on to the terrace to breathe for a moment the pure air. She was about returning when she observed a figure moving in the direction of the terrace, and presently she heard her own name breathed forth in a voice not to be mistaken. Adeline knew it well—she descended hastily.

"Leon—Leon," she said, "what madness is this?"

"Chide me not, dearest," he replied, as he clasped her to his heart. "Could I know that the noblest and bravest in Genoa were this night paying homage to its fairest flower, nor seek to win one smile for myself?"

"But you have enemies here, dear Leon; depart quickly, I pray. You need no fresh assurances of my affection."

"No, lovely one," replied the youth, proudly, "I both believe and trust you. I know that although the highest in Genoa sigh for her love, the daughter of the Marchese Albertini prefers above them all the adoration of Leon Carmelonte. And see," he continued, as he took an ebony cross of exquisite workmanship from his vest, and placed it in the hands of Adeline, "I am come likewise to offer you a tribute on your birthday; and a suitable one, is it not, sweet, for one so pure and guileless? You will prize it, although no brilliant glitter round it, and when you think of him who gave it, breathe a prayer for him when he shall be far hence."

"What can you mean, Leon?" inquired the lady, hurriedly.

"I am coming," he replied, "to bid you farewell. Nay, hear me, my beloved one. It is true, my birth is noble, but I am an orphan, poor and without friends. Your father scarcely deigns to notice me, how then do you think he will hear of me as the declared lover of his daughter?"

"Dearest Leon, let us trust to time," pleaded Adeline.

The youth pressed his arm around her, and drew her trembling form towards him.

"I must be stirring," he said. "I have lingered inactively here too long to gaze on you and worship your young beauty. Now I must go forth into the world. A thousand paths are open to me which will lead alike to fame and fortune. I will win you, lady, nobly and honorably. I will make for myself a renown, and even your father himself shall smile on our nuptials." And as he spoke, his cheeks kindled and his dark eyes flashed with unusual brilliancy. The eyes of Adeline were dimmed with tears as she raised them to her lover's face.

"You think but lightly of the pang of parting," she said.

"Adeline, mine own," replied the enthusiastic youth, "you know me better. But for the end I have in view, I could not endure it—the hope of calling you mine in the face of an envying multitude is my support."

"Alas, alas!" said Adeline, "when may I hope to see you?"

He paused for an instant, and then continued, "Adeline, I leave you surrounded by admirers, but I cannot look on that open brow and doubt. I deem your truth and love as my own—immovable as a rock. I ask you, then, for neither vow nor pledge, and my pledge of truth shall be one kiss—one parting one of those pure, sweet lips."

They both paused for an instant, foot-tips were heard on the terrace.

"I must be gone," said Adeline. "Yet stay, it is the voice of Rita calling me."

"My lady! my lady!" exclaimed the girl, as she joined them breathless with haste and fright, "your father has just now told me your presence is wanted, and sent me to seek you. He will be here himself directly."

"I am coming, Rita," said Adeline, "hasten and tell him so. Oh, Leon," she cried, turning towards him, "you must, indeed, be gone. I tremble for the consequences should my father discover you—prayer leave me."

"But one moment," replied her lover. "Mark me, Adeline, on this very day twelvemonth—your birthday, if not before—you shall surely see me. I will be with you, if alive—perhaps crowned with success—perhaps ruined alike in hopes and fortune—yet yours, ever yours till death."

"God go with you," exclaimed the weeping Adeline.

"Dearest and best beloved, farewell!" replied her lover. And with one passionate embrace they parted.

Little did the gay and glittering assemblage who graced the evening banquet at the Marchese Albertini's that night, deem that she who presided there was but a prey to the most agonizing sorrow, and that her apparent joyousness was but a veil to conceal her heart's wretchedness.

CHAPTER II.

Months fled away, and Adeline heard no direct tidings from Leon; but her trust in her lover's parting words remained unshaken, and cavalier after cavalier who sighed for her love was dismissed. At length there came one, unexpected as alike in person, birth and fortune; and the marchese, usually so indulgent, in this case was peremptory. He was deaf to Adeline's protestations of dislike, and insisted on her receiving his friend the Marchese Espineto as a suitor for her hand. Adeline thus compelled to receive his visits, maintained ever towards him a civil unfeeling demeanor. At first she appealed to his generosity—he told him she loved another, and that her heart could never be his. But her beauty had so enthralled him that he heard her unmoved. Nay, he even smiled at her enthusiasm, and secure of her father's consent, he contentedly trusted to time and his own assiduities to make her wholly his own. After this Adeline despised him.

Rita, too, her faithful attendant, also brought her tidings of Leon. Fortune had smiled on him; he had entered the army and had risen to a high post, and by the cousin of Rita, whom he knew and could trust, he sent Adeline a ring as a token of his ever-enduring affection. This sustained her spirits, and despite Espineto's attentions, she looked forward to future happiness with the chosen of her young heart.

The rich luxuriance of summer had passed, and even the golden tints of autumn were fading away, when the government of Genoa became aware that there were plots in existence to overturn it. But so secret were the conspirators—so cautious in their meetings—that none had as yet been discovered or brought to justice. Many of high birth were known to be implicated, although no proofs to that effect were brought forward; among the names whispered about was that of Leon Carmelonte, the lover of Adeline, who had lately quitted the army in disgust at some affront which he imagined had been put upon him.

His place of residence was not known, but the government employed spies, and he was seized one night and thrown into prison on a charge of having attended a treasonable meeting. Two others were apprehended at the same time, but they knew very little of the plot which was formed—they had not been trusted with the names even of those engaged in it—yet in order to mitigate their own punishment, they deposed to having seen Leon among the conspirators. He loudly and positively asserted his innocence, but to no effect.

It was a man of rare talents, and had obtained a high reputation for himself. The government, therefore, resolved to make an example of him, with the view of striking terror into his associates, and while those who were apprehended with him were kept in the strictest confinement, he was condemned to death.

This news burst on the ears of Lady Adeline like a thunderbolt. At first she refused credence to the story; but when she heard the tongue of every one proclaiming it, her expression of disbelief availed nothing. But her confidence in his innocence could not be shaken.

"He has been betrayed," she exclaimed, "but his honor and faith are unshaken. He must not die. His precious life must not be sacrificed. Of me alone let vengeance fall; I will be the victim!"

The Marchese Albertini sat alone in his library reading. He was aroused by hearing a light footstep. He looked up and saw his daughter, but her cheek was so deadly pale, and her lips were so compressed, that he almost started as he looked on her.

"My father," she said, "you have often urged, nay, implored me, to become the wife of the Marchese Espineto—I am now ready—grant me but one boon, and do with me as you will."

The marchese appeared surprised. "Calm yourself, Adeline," he said. "Sit down."

"No my father," she replied, as she sank at his feet. "Hear me—Leon Carmelonte—"

Her father started. "The traitor!" he exclaimed.

"Not so, not so!" she cried. "He loved me once. Do not frown—it is over now."

"And you," replied the marchese, rising from his seat, "you, the daughter of a high and noble house, smiled upon his suit clandestinely. Was this right, Adeline?"

"Forgive me," she said, "henceforth he must be as nothing to me; but save him, save him from the death he is condemned to suffer. You are high and rich, and your interest, your entreaties, can give him life and liberty. Oh, if you knew him—his generous devotedness, his noble nature and his deep feelings of enthusiasm—so young, too! you, even you, would pity him."

"Adeline," said the marchese, "you have erred deeply, but on condition that you do indeed consent to become the bride of the Marchese Espineto, I will think of what you have said."

"Bless you, my father! Yes, anything, even that. Oh, when I think of his deep, devoted affection, and the destruction of his long-cherished hopes, to part for ever is bitter enough. But I have promised and will perform—for his death, the very thought of it maddens me—I could not outlive it!"

And Adeline, at length overcome, leaned her head on the table beside her, and wept in uncontrollable agony.

The proofs against Leon had, from the first, been slight, and when a wealthy and powerful noble was found to be interested in him, they vanished into air, and at the end of a few days, the marchese placed in Adeline's hand a full and free pardon for Leon Carmelonte. To be quite assured of his safety, she had stipulated for this, and Rita, her waiting-maid, who was wholly in her confidence, she deputed to convey it to him, with her ever-loving farewell.

CHAPTER III.

Leon was solitary in his prison cell; the shades of evening were stealing over his native city—Genoa the superb. There was a small window in his dungeon thickly secured with iron bars, but it was not beyond his height, and he stood now gazing from it on the noble prospect which spread before him, until tender and melancholy thoughts so overcame him that even tears forced themselves into his eyes, which he the next moment indignantly dashed away.

At this moment the prison door grated on its hinges, and in another moment Rita stood before him. She did not speak, but held towards him the paper containing his pardon and the ring. Tears choked her words, for the tender-hearted girl was shocked at the sight of his wan and hollow cheeks, and the dimness of his once brilliant eyes. A glow of delight sprang itself over his countenance, as he perceived the paper which gave him back to life and freedom. But it faded when he looked on the ring.

"Does Adeline send me this?" he said. "Has she forgotten me because I am unfortunate? Or does she still remember me, and is it to her that I am indebted for liberty to breathe again the pure and blessed air of my native land?"

"My mistress," replied the girl, "bade me tell you that her love is as true as when you parted from her—that she never can cease to nor did she ever believe the charges brought against you."

"Bless her—bless you!" cried Leon. "And I shall once more see her, and—"

"No," said Rita, "that must not be. She sends you by me, and with this ring, her farewell for ever! Oh, you do not know my dear lady's agony, nor her bitter tears before she thus resigned you!"

Leon did not answer, but he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"Nothing but the dread of your death and sufferings," resumed Rita, "could have shaken her plighted faith. But when that came upon her, she did not rest until she had won a promise from her father to procure your pardon. The price she pays for it is indeed a bitter one!"

"O that I had died first! But tell me—tell me the worst at once!" he cried.

Rita hesitated a moment, then turned her head away, and added, "To save your life, Lady Adeline is pledged to wed the Marchese Espineto."

"O, fatal gift of life and freedom!" he exclaimed. "Death would be far more welcome than thus to lose the only thing that brightened my wayward course! I refuse the boon—I will remain here. This marriage shall not take place. Anything—O! the worst of torments rather than that!"

"It is useless now," said Rita. "Your pardon is publicly proclaimed before now, and it is not even allowed you to refuse it. Quick, for the time allotted to me here is nearly passed, and tell me what tidings shall I bear from you to my lady?"

"Tell her that the gift of freedom which she sent me is valueless—worse, far worse than the death to which I was doomed," he replied. "And yet, not so—do not say so—it would wound her gentle nature. Tell her that this hated marriage shall not be. I will save her from it or perish! I will see her yet again, and gaze upon her bright loveliness—for she must not, she shall not be sacrificed to her preservation!"

"It is too late now," exclaimed Rita, "preparations for the wedding have already commenced, and my lady is strictly guarded. Were it otherwise, she has obtained the boon she asked, and she will keep her plighted word—yes, although her heart should break, she will pay the penalty!"

"Then farewell to hope and happiness," said Leon, despairingly. "Oh Adeline—Adeline! my first, my only love, must I lose thee for ever, nor dare to call thee mine?—Rita," he added, "I charge you bear to your lady my thanks, and tell her while Leon Carmelonte has life, his love and his prayers will be hers—hers for ever!"

He sank exhausted on his pallet; the jailer stood at the door; he motioned Rita to depart. Drawing her veil over her face, she obeyed, and Leon was once more left to silence and solitude; as, from the terms of his pardon, he was not to be liberated until the next day.

Some weeks passed, and every effort, every stratagem which Leon made use of to gain access to Adeline, proved utterly fruitless, so many barriers had the marchese placed around his daughter, to guard against any one, save his own creatures, hiding communication with her. Adeline, in truth, had become a changed being. A settled melancholy had taken possession of her; she received the attentions of her future husband with a sort of quiet indifference; and if she shrank sometimes from the thought of becoming a bride, she comforted herself with the recollection that Leon, her fondly cherished Leon, owed his life to her, and it was sweet even to suffer for him.

At length the day drew near. The first of January was the day appointed for the wedding of the Lady Adeline with the Marchese Espineto.

"I parted from Leon on that day," she said; "and now, when it again comes round, I shall be eternally separated from him! It is well—I would not wish it otherwise."

CHAPTER IV.—AND LAST.

The evening of the first day of the new year arrived, and the Palazzo Albertini was again a scene of gaiety. The wedding guests were all assembled—the bridegroom in waiting; and the priest had already opened his book as he stood at the sumptuous altar, lighted with massive candelabra, in the chapel belonging to the palace. They looked for the bride. At length she approached, and beautiful she looked, although pale, very pale. Her step was not so firm as usual, and her eyes were tearful, as, leaning on her faithful Rita, she advanced to the altar. Her father took her hand, and she smiled on him, but it was sadly, nor did she turn away from the fond whisper of the Marchese Espineto. No, she had wrought herself up to suffer all with patience. Her face well had partially fallen aside, and disclosed the costly pearls wreathed in her glossy, raven hair. The eyes of all rested almost with devotion on the classic beauty of her features, but a low sob and a deep sigh were the tributes of admiration paid by one there; and Adeline well knew they came from her faithful attendant, who stood a little on one side, leaning against a pillar.

The marriage service commenced—the priest read but a few sentences, when hurrying steps were heard at the further end of the chapel, and hastily pushing aside those who would have interrupted his progress, Leon Carmelonte stood before the astonished group, and before they could recover from their surprise, he had clasped Adeline to his embrace.

"Insolent! What does this intrusion mean?" exclaimed Espineto, as he strove to disengage Adeline from his embrace.

"She is mine!" replied Leon—"mine by vows that heaven has registered, and I will not part!"

"Oh, Leon, Leon, is this well?" cried Adeline. "Why are you come to make the path of duty still more difficult?"

"Did I not say," he rejoined, "that on this day I would see you, and have I not kept my trust well?"

The Marchese Albertini made a sign to his attendants to secure Leon. But his quick eye detected it, and his sword prevented all approach.

"There is no time for strife," he said. "Marchese Albertini, there is a plot against you—your life is in peril! The conspirators are this night in arms against the government and State of Genoa. They are many in number, powerful and well armed, and you, from your wealth and known adherence to the State, will be one of their first victims. Hark! they are even now approaching."

"It is but a trick to gain time," replied the marchese, as he took his daughter's hand and led her again to the altar, "and were it not for this sacred place, my good sword should chastise your insolence!"

A burning flush of anger mounted to the cheek of Leon, but it quickly subsided, and he controlled his ardent feelings. Once more the book was opened, but quickly closed again; for a loud and appalling shout from without, mingled with shrieks and cries, seemed to shake the building, and bore fearful testimony to the truth of Leon's warning. The marchese looked around him in amazement. Espineto would have seized his bride by the arm, but Leon prevented him.

"Why are you still here?" said Adeline reproachfully.

"To save you or die with you," he replied.

The affrighted guests now fled in all directions.

"Secure the chapel door," cried the marchese.

His order was instantly obeyed, and just in time, for in a few moments more it was shaken violently, and the tread of many feet was heard around the building, apparently endeavoring to discover an entrance, and the marchese's name was heard mingled with threats. For a moment all was hushed—a deep groan burst from the lips of the Marchese Espineto, and he fell lifeless to the floor. A shot fired through a small loophole in the chapel had entered his body, and he had thus fallen a victim to lawless violence.

"Save the Lady Adeline!" cried Leon.

The marchese, warned by the spectacle before him, hesitated no longer.

"Follow me," said Leon.

Adeline was supported by her father and the priest, and followed by Rita and two or three other domestics. They passed quickly through the door of the chapel, which communicated with the mansion, and hastened to the terrace—but how to pass the gardens was the difficulty. Breathless with terror they descended, the darkness favored them. They heard voices around them, and they scarcely dared to breathe. Leon led the way, which was familiar to him, even in the gloom which now enveloped it. In a short space of exultation behind them announced that the conspirators had effected an entrance into the marchese's mansion, and they pressed onward with greater rapidity. They had just reached a part of the gardens communicating with the open road, but the gate was fast locked, and resisted their utmost efforts. The wall adjoining was, however, low and partly broken down. They were in the act of attempting to pass, when four men rushed upon them and commanded them to desist. Leon drew his sword.

"On with the lady!" he cried, "forward, for your lives! Do not heed me—take the turning to the left," he whispered; "it will lead to the Strada dell' Rieti. Look out for number seven, enter and you are safe."

"Brave youth," replied the marchese, "you shall not lose your life for us. And now to help. Villains, advance!"

The foremost one discharged his pistol, which slightly wounded Leon in the arm, who rushed on him and laid him prostrate on the earth by a blow from his sword. The one engaged with the marchese was tall and powerful. But the marchese was an expert swordsman, and he parried his adversary's strokes with admirable skill.

Overcome with rage and passion, the man made a furious thrust at the marchese, who slipped dexterously aside, and watching his opportunity, buried his sword in the body of his opponent, who fell instantly to the ground. The other two who were attacking Leon, observing the fall of their companion, fled instantly. Voices were, however, heard in the distance, and apprehensive of being overpowered, Leon and the marchese hastened to gain the garden wall, over which the half-insensible Adeline had been conveyed by her companions during the affray. They passed over it in safety, and cautiously and silently they traversed the road leading to their place of shelter. Occasionally shouts and loud cries came on their ears, borne by the wind as it swept past them, and they could yet see the torches flashing to and fro in the Albertini palace. The marchese sighed heavily, but his principal thoughts were of his daughter, and when at length he reached the house where she was and clasped her unharmed to his heart, after all the perils of the night, his fortitude gave way and he wept tears of joy and thankfulness.

Morning dawned on the little group, and found them still happier. Leon had brought them tidings that soon after their attack on the marchese's mansion a body of troops belonging to the state had engaged and dispersed the mob, and the chief of the ringleaders were taken and in prison. Their whole plans had been betrayed to the government by one of their number, and measures had been taken to discover their schemes. But the government was unable to prevent the outrage at the marchese's, owing to the attack commencing much earlier than was anticipated. It was the house of Leon to which the marchese and his daughter had been conducted, and which being situated in a retired part of the city, afforded them a secure asylum. Leon explained to the marchese that the cause of his being seen at a meeting of the conspirators was his anxiety to detach a dear and early friend from embarking in a ruinous and traitorous undertaking. His efforts, however, had been of no avail; yet to that friend he was indebted for his knowledge of the intended attack on the Albertini palace; and he had hastened thither to seek and save Adeline.

A few days restored the marchese and his daughter to their home; and the former was so sensible of Leon's bravery, and of the services he had rendered, that his hostility towards him was entirely forgotten. As he was of good family, he no longer opposed him as the lover of his daughter; and Leon Carmelonte stood by the side of the beautiful Adeline, the envy of the proudest in Genoa. Convinced by the public service he had rendered that the charge against him as a conspirator was wholly unfounded, the state made ample amends for its former suspicions and treatment. A command in the army was offered to his acceptance, and his skill and courage soon bid fair to establish a reputation for him by no means inferior to the position he had long before resolved to gain before claiming the Lady Adeline. The term of probation he had fixed upon to acquire fame and fortune was much shortened by his rapid rise. Before another summer blossomed forth in its beauty, the Albertini palace was again a scene of splendor, and Leon Carmelonte (as he had foretold) with the consent of her father, led Lady Adeline to the altar—this time a willing bride, and happily united to her first and only love, for whose preservation she had been willing to yield up her own happiness.

DIRECT IMPORTATION OF QUEENSWARE TO ST. LOUIS, MO.

(Continued from page 13.)

remarkable, notwithstanding he has largely reduced prices, and in fact, revolutionized the trade, while distancing the enterprise of all old style competition.

Mr. Filley, who has thus won for himself a historic place in the commercial annals of the country, is a native of the State of New York, and a relative of the philanthropic and widely popular Mayor of St. Louis, Hon. O. D. Filley, and is now but thirty years of age, with an assured position and an honorable name. In 1848 Mr. Filley declined the proffer of a cadetship at West Point, for which there were many aspirants, tendered by Hon. Gideon Reynolds, Representative in Congress, after which he pursued the study of law in the National Law School, preparatory to entering upon mercantile life, and though prepared for and entitled to admission to the bar, he was ineligible, being under twenty-one years of age. His father and two of his uncles held seats in State Legislatures and other official positions at a time when it was an honor to receive, unsolicited, office from the people. His mother is a very superior and practically intelligent woman, and her son inherits much of the peculiar foresight and caution which has characterized and rendered successful in all the relations of life, and brought to pecuniary independence such sterling merchants as her only surviving brother, Harvey Filley, Esq., the reliable and extensive silver-plater of Philadelphia, and Oliver Filley, now deceased, the father of the Hon. O. D. Filley.

Mr. Filley's first start in the Queensware trade commenced with receiving goods and helping draymen to load on the levee, opening or unstrawing, marking and shipping, and thence to keeping books, salesman, &c., thus passing through all of the stages of a thorough, practical training in every department of the business in which he is now so successfully engaged. This thorough training, first in the law and afterwards in the details and practice of his business, affords a suggestive lesson and example to all young men striving to build up a superstructure of character, business and fortune. He is exceedingly popular and influential with all classes, and while liberal in all his relations, he holds to the closest economy in all respects affecting business results.

His chief salesman, Mr. Rodney D. Wells, is a brother of S. R. Wells, Esq., of this city, now in Europe, and is a most thorough-going young man. His cashier, Mr. Fuller, held the tellership for a number of years of one of the Saratoga Springs Banks, and is a very superior business man.

In the packing and shipping department fourteen men are constantly employed, while Mr. Filley himself attends personally to sales and to the entire inspection and supervision of his business, which also includes a department of design, in which new patterns of rare elegance and original style are constantly being prepared by himself, to be forwarded to manufacturers in Europe, with whom he has immense contracts running through a series of years.

The Filley family, of which Mayor Filley and his brother, Mr. Giles F. Filley, the largest stove manufacturer in the world, are the most widely known for business success, owes much of the prosperity which has been achieved by its various members to a similar training in the details of their respective occupations, and to a common bond of affection and interest among all its members; and particularly to the liberality and assistance rendered to each and all by Mr. O. D. Filley, who was the pioneer of the family to the West, and who confined not the helping hand to his relations alone, but stands out pre-eminent for the interest he has manifested and invested in those who have called upon him, and shown the nerve and purpose to be worthy of it.

THE LATE U. S. FAIR AT CINCINNATI.

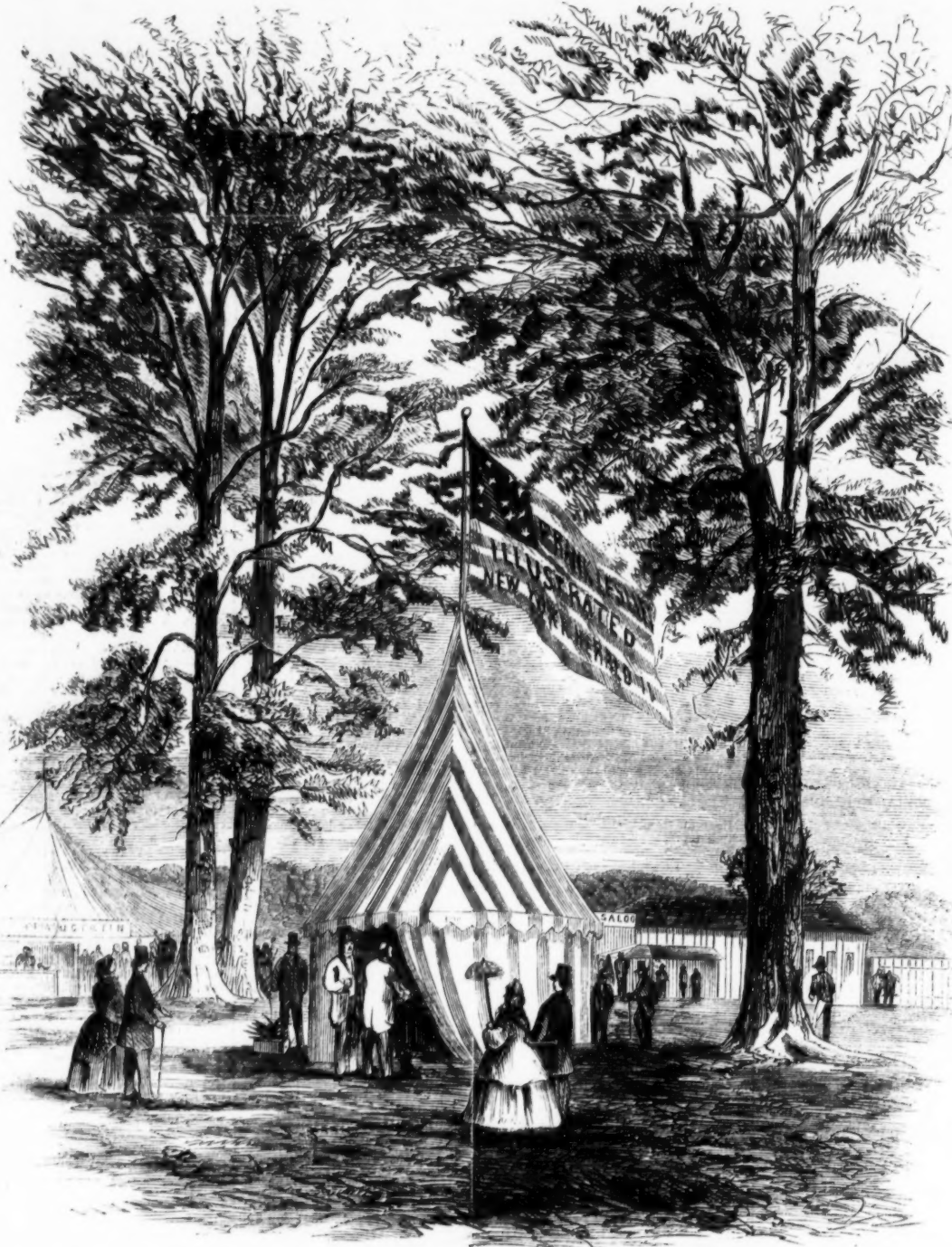
THE STRIPED TENT—NEW YORK CITY HEADQUARTERS—TRAVEL ON THE NEW YORK AND ERIE, AND OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROADS, ETC.

We have taken from our portfolio and note-book some of the many sketches and notes prepared by our representatives at Cincinnati and St. Louis, and give them as a part of the matter of our present number. Among them will be found illustrations of C. I. Filley's great Importing Earthenware House, from sketches by R. J. Compton, our artist correspondent at St. Louis; and the famous Striped Tent manufactured by Gompert, the celebrated awning maker, 101 Bowery, this city, from a sketch by H. Lovie, Esq., which formed the popular headquarters of the New York city delegation at the Fair, composed of representatives of the American Watch Company, P. & R. French, the great Conical Washing Machine firm; Bartlett & Lesley, the celebrated Polar Refrigerator firm; Henry C. Spalding, Esq., so widely known for his business enterprise, originality, advertising and remarkable success in connection with his celebrated Prepared Glue; George B. Griffin, and Clinton Rice, Esq., the legal adviser of the U. S. A. S. The members of this delegation tendered polite hospitalities to members of the Press, and were especially honored with a visit from Governor Dennison and many other distinguished visitors attending the Fair, including several parties of ladies. They also paid us a special compliment by placing on their flag which waved over their beautiful tent the name—FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—which could be seen from all parts of the beautiful grounds, and attracted universal attention and comment on the part of visitors, and especially from the local press of Cincinnati, whose representatives were especially attentive to the gentlemen, Messrs. Lovie and Stuart, representing us at the Fair. From their testimony and our own knowledge, we are fully prepared to pronounce Cincinnati and Cincinnati an institution "as will do to tie to" in a storm.

This beautiful tent received a premium, and has since become the property of Mr. Henry A. Robbins, of the firm of Robbins & Appleton, General Agents of the American Watch Company, and is likely to be the scene of many a pleasant gathering and fishing party on the banks of the various popular far-away angling resorts in different parts of the country, habitually visited by its present owner, who is a summer devotee to the sealy theories of dreamy old Izaak Walton.

We are also under special obligations to the Hon. T. K. Smith, Acting County Clerk of Hamilton; to W. W. Fosdick, Esq., the Cincinnati poet; to Messrs. Smith & Nixon, the enterprising agents of Steinway & Sons; and to Messrs. Sumner & Wright, the popular and efficient agents of Wheeler & Wilson, all of whom tendered our representatives valuable information and assistance. We also received gratifying evidence of the popularity of our *Illustrated Newspaper* in a substantial shape from Messrs. P. & G. Bogen, I. Jacobs and other prominent citizens, largely connected with the trade and prosperity of Cincinnati.

Among the Cincinnati institutions that ought to be more widely known is the great Music Hall, on Fourth street, built and owned by Messrs. Smith & Nixon. This superb Hall is



U. S. FAIR, CINCINNATI—THE STRIPED TENT, WITH FRANK LESLIE'S FLAG FLYING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

eighty feet wide and one hundred and ten feet deep, with a concave floor rising toward the rear, and seated with twelve hundred armchairs on a floor raised but about two feet from the ground, thus rendering any accident or fatal crash an impossibility. Its acoustic qualities are of the highest order, which makes it very popular with vocalists. This Hall stands back from Fourth street one hundred feet, on which it has at present an unpretending entrance. It is the intention of Messrs. Smith & Nixon, so soon as an existing lease expires, to erect a magnificent building fronting on Fourth street and connecting with this admirable Hall, to be devoted to their immense piano and music business.

Messrs. Sumner & Wright have the largest Sewing Machine rooms in the world, under Pike's Opera House, and have the exclusive agency for the sale of the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machines in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri, with a large branch establishment on Fourth street, St. Louis, under the charge of Mr. A. Sumner.

The New York and Erie Railroad we found to be in unusually good condition, and evidently growing in the good opinion of the travelling public, which will be vastly increased so soon as the six feet gauge line, which is now rapidly in progress, after having been delayed for some time, shall be completed from Dunkirk to Cincinnati, where it will connect with the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, which will thus form a continuous, uniform broad gauge line from New York, on the Hudson, to St. Louis on the Mississippi, whence it will ultimately extend across the Continent, finding a terminus somewhere in the supposed neighborhood of sundown.

We also found the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad to be in a very much better condition, and with better rolling stock than we had been led to expect previous to our late visit; and thus can cordially recommend both of these great roads to travellers from this point west, and *vice versa*.

DARING FEATS OF BLONDIN.

We present to-day a couple of sketches which illustrate in a remarkable manner what human skill and nerve can accomplish. One represents Blondin performing his daring feat of crossing Niagara on a rope with a man on his back, and the other walking over that frightful abyss on stilts. We have described these great achievements so fully in previous numbers that it is now only necessary to call attention to the illustrations, from which our readers can form some idea of the frightful reality of an achievement which belongs entirely to the nineteenth century.

DEATH OF SIGNOR ALBERTO MARIO.—We learn by private letters from Naples that Signor Alberto Mario, the husband of Madame Jessie White Mario, has been killed. He was sent by Garibaldi, at the head of a column of one thousand men, to put down a reactionary movement in Molise. The patriots were overpowered and cut to pieces by a body of Neapolitan soldiers six times their number. Only forty out of the thousand are reported as being saved, and in that number Mario's name does not occur. The encounter is said to have been tremendous, the

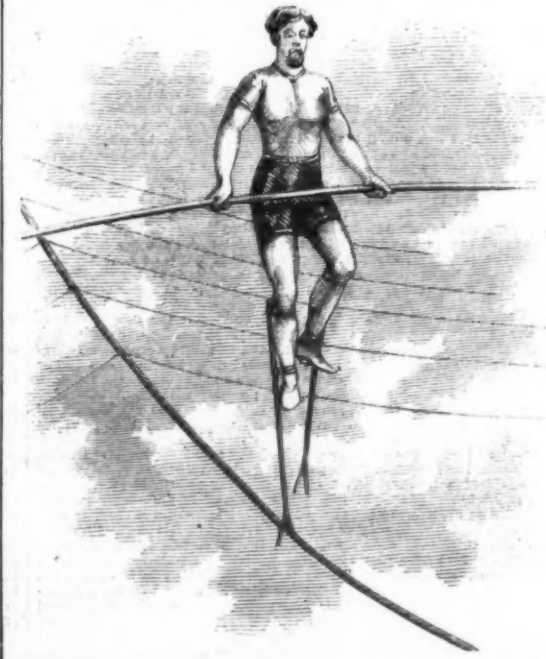
Garibaldians having fought like lions, and against desperate odds. Signor Mario was a member of a very old Venetian family, who had lived on the same estates for centuries, and have suffered severely from time to time by the persecution of the Austrians. He was a barrister by profession, but in the siege of Venice, in 1848 and 1849, he fought under Marini. Although he entered the service as a common soldier, his skill and courage soon raised him to a superior command.

A TALE OF ARCTIC SUFFERING.—William Armstrong, a sailor, arrived at Galway in the Prince Albert, tells a marvellous story of exposure and suffering. He says he was on the bark Kitty, from Newcastle, outward bound, with stores for the Hudson's Bay Company; was wrecked August 11, by contact with icebergs off Cape Resolution; all escaped in two boats just before the bark was crushed and sunk; worked several days to get out of the ice-field, the men were rapidly failing from cold; at last got into clear water, was beaten about in all sixty-two days, when land was reached, Armstrong being the only survivor in his boat (the other boat's fate unknown). He was succored by Esquimaux, sent to a Moravian Mission in Labrador, and thence to St. John, Newfoundland.

MURDER OF AN AFRICAN TRAVELLER.—M. Malte Brun, not the old geographer, but the present editor of the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*, states in that periodical that he has it from the mouth of Dr. Barth that another name has been added to the martyrs of geographical discovery in Central Africa—that of Dr. Roscher, who had reached Lake N'Yassa, for the first time from the shores of Eastern Africa. During his long and painful journey he fell sick, was robbed of all he possessed by his own guides and the chief of the caravan, who was bound to protect him. He nevertheless persisted in continuing his journey. Arrived at Lake N'Yassa, he waited there for provisions, which had been despatched to him from Zanzibar. Having at length reached there, he started in a northern direction, and succeeded in reaching the borders of Lake Tanganyika, where he was attacked in his tent by two natives, armed with poisoned arrows, and died of his wounds. Other details for the present are wanting. It is greatly to be desired that his papers may be discovered, as his detailed account of a journey from Lake N'Yassa to Lake Tanganyika cannot fail to be of great interest to science.

A DUCAL VOLUNTEER IN GARIBALDI'S ARMY.—I do not know whether you are aware that under the name of Captain Sarsfield is disguised the eldest son of one of the noblest dukes of the English peerage. Lord S—, the heir of the illustrious title of the Duke of S—, by his mother's side a descendant of Sheridan, is the very soul of the regiment sent by the people of free England to fight for Italian liberty. Kind to his soldiers, untiring in the performance of his duties, Lord S— is the model of an officer, and his courage, activity and zeal would do honor to the best officer of any army of Europe. Of course his real name is known in the camp, and the Italians are not a little proud that a representative of one of the noblest families of England is in the ranks of the national army. As Lord S— always wears a sort of Indian red turban on his head, when he passes through our camp the Garibaldini come forward, exclaiming, "Here! here! look at the English lord!" and asking whether they can do anything for "Sua Eccellenza."

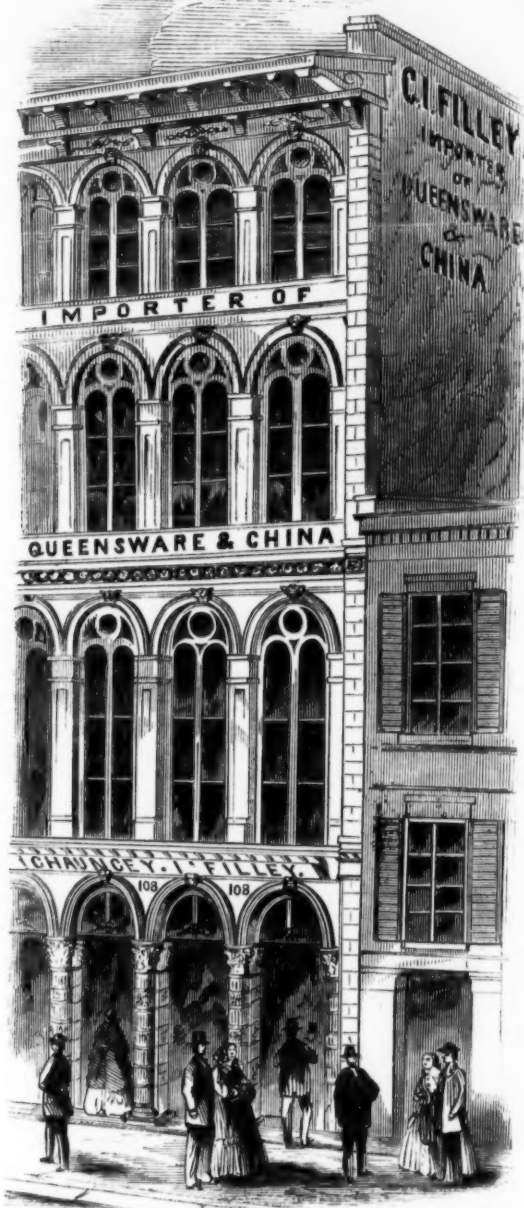
A SUBSCRIPTION has been started in Ireland for the gallant captain and crew of the *Minnie Schiffer*. It is headed by the energetic United States Consul at Galway, Mr. I. M. Perce.



BLONDIN'S DARING FEATS—WALKING OVER THE ROPE ON STILTS



BLONDIN'S DARING FEATS—CARRYING A MAN ON HIS BACK OVER THE ROPE.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY'S QUEENSWARE IMPORTING HOUSE, NO. 108 MAIN STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DIRECT IMPORTATION OF QUEENSWARE TO ST. LOUIS, MO.
Chauncey I. Filley's Extensive Queensware Importing House — The Queensware Trade in the Mississippi Valley.

WHILE on a recent first visit to St. Louis we were vividly impressed with the cosmopolitan character of this great metropolitan city in the heart of the continent, and especially with the broad and statesmanlike views entertained by some of its commercial and manufacturing princes. As an illustration for our present number, we have selected the great Importing Queensware House of Chauncey I. Filley, Esq., the only Queensware dealer in the city, who has visited England and France, and carried into successful operation the idea of importing directly to St. Louis from the Old World potteries and manufactories.

Millions of dollars have been invested in the earthenware trade of the Mississippi Valley, chiefly at St. Louis, the New York of the West, and many large fortunes accumulated by men whose enterprise has found ample scope in purchasing their stock, at second-hand, through parties in New York and other home markets, thus, in reality, acting as middlemen between the manufacturer and the consumer, and, as a consequence, taxing the consumer with an advance on manufacturer's prices equal to the importer's profit.

After a careful examination of the whole subject of the earthenware trade of the West, Mr. Chauncey I. Filley, one of the enterprising young merchants and pioneer spirits of St. Louis, who had for some years been a partner with two of his elder brothers in the Queensware House, originally established by Mr. Giles F. Filley, determined, in March, 1858, to

close up his copartnership matters, for the purpose of visiting the various European manufactories, with a view to establish a direct importing trade between them and St. Louis. This he succeeded in doing, and on returning home, in the beginning of 1859, he opened his present magnificent marble store, No. 108 Main street, St. Louis, where his success has been most decided and

(Continued on page 11.)



CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY, ESQ. — PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. ELLIOT, S'AFFORDSHIRE PORTERIEF, ENGLAND



INTERIOR OF CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY'S GREAT QUEENSWARE IMPORTING HOUSE, NO. 108 MAIN STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY HAIR?—Use
KATHAIRON. question, the ration ever mense sale celence. No. given such universal satisfaction. It restores, preserves and beautifies the Hair, and imparts a delightful odor.

USE
LYON'S
KATHAIRON
FOR THE HAIR.

LYON'S
 It is, beyond finest prepa-made. Its im-proves its ex-acting ha; ever

501-52

Miscellaneous.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this 'afternoon, hand I stepped into the bath-room, and says hi to the man, "Can you hearse me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard?" says he. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism, and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting sick headache, of hepatic disease constituting bilious headache, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and protruding at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Pills, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it neither; but perhaps ye'll be after knowing what it is. Ye see she's high dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relieved her before.

DRUGGIST.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills. **BRIDGET.**—Oh! sure now and ye've sed it; here's the quarter and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it either.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

Cephalic Pills

CURE
Sick Headache,
CURE
Nervous Headache,
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness. For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the

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All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,

48 Cedar St., New York.

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HUNT'S "BRITISH BALM" removes Tan, Freckles, Sunburn and all eruptions of the skin; mailed free for 50 cts.

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HUNT'S "PEARL BEAUFIER" for the Teeth and Gums, cleanses and whitens the Teeth, hardens the Gums, purifies the Breath effectually, PRESERVES THE TEETH AND PREVENTS TOOTHACHE; mailed free for \$1.

HUNT'S "BRIDAL WREATH PERFUME," a double extract of orange blossoms and cologne, mailed free for \$1.

This exquisite Perfume was first used by the PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND, on her marriage. MESSRS. HUNT & CO. presented the Princess with an elegant case of Perfumery (in which all the above articles were included), in handsome cut glass with gold stoppers, valued at \$1,500, particulars of which appeared in the public prints. All the above articles sent FREE by express for \$5. Cash can either accompany the order or be paid to the express agent on delivery of goods.

HUNT & CO., Perfumers to the Queen, Regent Street, London, and 707 Sanson St., Philadelphia. The Trade supplied.

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FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

Is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The DOUBLE LOCK-STITCH formed by this Machine is found to be the only one which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY:

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"I take pleasure in saying that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senator, of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—I. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

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"On the recommendation of a friend I procured, some months since, one of your Family Sewing Machines. My family has been most successful in its use, from the start, without any trouble or difficulty whatever in its management. My wife says it is a 'family blessing,' and could not be induced to dispense with it to use—in all of which I most heartily concur."—James Pollock, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.

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MY Ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
A. G. GRAHAM, 100 Nassau Street, New York.

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THE complaints that render maternity rather a curse than a blessing yield to this healing agent. The sore nipple and gathered breast, that endanger the life of the offspring as well as the parent, are speedily dispelled by the immediate use of this powerful detergent remedy. Sold at the manufactory, No. 50 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25 cts., 63 cts. and \$1 per pot.

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"It is a most ingenious contrivance, answering so many purposes entirely."—*Independent*.
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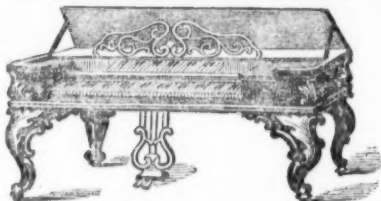
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Dose—A single tablespoonful.

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Hairwork, Perfumery and Toilet Store,
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Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury. No. 350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

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Relieving at once any pain or oppression, and healing any irritation or inflammation.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS TAKEN UPON FOOD, it forms an unequalled, soothing and healing syrup for Coughs and all Throat Diseases.

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THEY IMPART ENERGY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM,

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THEY STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION,

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AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL KINDS OF FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

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THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every Pistol warranted.

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Augustus thinks if Adolphus and Lucinda must make love in the open air, and put up an umbrella, not to keep off the rain but the spectator, that they had better be careful where they sit, in order to avoid reflections.

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REMARKABLE FOR SIMPLICITY.

Manufactured with mathematical precision, hence are always in working order. One hour's practice will enable any one to sew with ease and rapidity.

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SHAVERS' PATENT ERASER, &c.—See advertisement next page.

257-61a



Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Lockery, Glassware, &c.

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Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured. Each instrument warranted for five years. Warehouses, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y. 0000

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Clothes Washed in One Minute by

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Patented April 10,

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A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT. Washes every spot. Sure and certain, without soaking or boiling. Call and see it in operation at 467 Broadway, New York, and 312 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N. Y. J. JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors. 000

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OUR ARTISTS have been well employed this Summer, and we are now publishing the most exquisite series of AMERICAN SCENERY ever produced, including

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THE MAJESTY AND BEAUTY OF NIAGARA.

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WEST.

UP AND DOWN THE SHREWSBURY.

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INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS IN BROADWAY. (A new series.)

THE EXECUTION OF THESE VIEWS IS UNSURPASSED.

CATALOGUES sent on receipt of stamp.

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Three doors south of St. Nicholas Hotel.

A splendid assortment of new Foreign Views on Glass and Paper just received. 260-61a

A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

If the lady reader is about travelling, or wishes to make a most acceptable gift to a friend about doing so—if she proposes visiting a watering-place, or would like "something nice to have in the country," let her try one of Burnett's Toilet Companions, containing a bottle of his COCOAINE, which dresses the Hair perfectly, without greasing, drying or stiffening it—A FLACON OF FLORUM, one drop of which perfumes the handkerchief deliciously—one of KALISTON, the best cosmetic in the world, and one of the ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH. These preparations are of approved usefulness, and all that they profess to be.—Philadelphia Bulletin. 261

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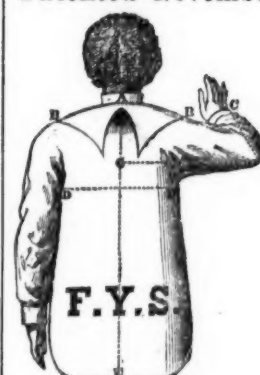
White's Patent Lever Truss.

This instrument, which is now offered to the public in this city, radically different in principle and action from all others in use, combining every valuable point in other Trusses, besides several points of the highest value never before attained. Among some of the advantages claimed for this instrument are these: It has a soft, PLIANT, METALLIC NOW; graduating pressure power PERFECTLY CONTROLLABLE; inward and upper action combined; no uncomfortable pressure on the Back, and none on the Spinal Cord; does not work out of place; perfectly clean; smallest, lightest, cheapest, most desirable, shows least, holds the rupture in every case; requires less than one-half the usual pressure; and is a radical cure. The ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS are on the same principle. Call and get a Truss. Pamphlets gratis. Elegant rooms have just been fitted up at No. 25 Bond St., New York, for the application of these celebrated instruments, both for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies' department attended by a lady. The instruments are now offered at wholesale and retail by the Proprietors, GREGORY & CO., No. 25 Bond St., and by Messrs. D. S. Barnes & Co., Nos. 13 and 16 Park Row, Messrs. Schieffelin Brothers, No. 170 William St., and by all first-class drug houses. 61f

William Taylor's NEW SALOON,

No. 555 Broadway.

Refreshments of all kinds can be here obtained by ladies and gentlemen at all hours of the day and evening. 260-61

Patented November 1st, 1859.

The measures are

A, the distance

round the Neck.

B to B, the Yoke.

C to C, the Sleeve.

D to D, distance

around the Body,

under the arm-pits.

E to E, the length

of the Shirt.

BALLOU'S**Patent Improved French Yoke****SHIRTS.**

Patented November 1st, 1859.

A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.

By sending the above measure per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen shirts. Also Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

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A Card.

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Suitable for all kinds of Roast Meats, Gravies, Game, Fish, Soups, &c.

TRY IT.

Sample Bottles can be had at the Wholesale Depot, 80 Nassau St., New York.

266-261 C. EDMONDS & CO.

FINKLE & LYON'S**SEWING MACHINES.**

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair of the American Institute, with the highest premium for fine Sewing Machine work.

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